BRITANNIA and EVE

MARCH
1946

C. PATRICK THOMPSON
STANLEY JACKSON
C. FOX SMITH
JANE GORDON
F. MATANIA, R.I.

1/3

WITH COMPLETE HOME AND FASHION SECTIONS

WOLSEY are making English fashion history this Spring with **tailored jersey frocks** in colours based on that wonderful 'needlework-film' of the Norman Conquest– the Bayeux Tapestry. These are some of the Time-Darkened shades, inspired by the ends of the Tapestry before restoration.

Wolsey

WOLSEY LIMITED LEICESTER

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 32, No. 3 MARCH, 1946

WHERE SHAKESPEARE WENT TO SCHOOL. THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL AND GUILD CHAPEL AT STRATFORD ON AVON

Cover Design

by *Sparksman*

Articles

The Big Shots of Dope
by *Ferdinand Tuohy*
Decorations
by *Jack Matthew* 13 and 54

Dream House
by *C. Patrick Thompson* 14–15 and 61

Nothing New Under the Sun . . .
by *Wilma Buckley* 16 and 54

Bear Facts . . .
by *Frank W. Lane* 20 and 64

Old Tales Re-told
The Vengeance of Queen Maeve
Illustrated
by *F. Matania, R.I.* 21–24

Severn Sea . . .
by *C. Fox Smith*
Decorations
by *Jack Matthew* 25 and 64

Queen's Nurse
by *Gwyneth Pennethorne* 42 and 66

Home Section

Posy Buttonholes 29

March Hair 33

Take a Good View . . .
by *Winifred Lewis* 34–35

Health and Beauty:
by *Chrysis*
Zoo Logic 36–37

They Were Clever About Fitments 38–39

Dressing Up Dressing Tables 40

On Duty—and Off
by *Jane Gordon* 43 and 67

Knitting:
A Neat Waistcoat 44 and 66
A Frilled Blouse 44 and 66

Dress:
by *Jean Burnup* 45

Cookery
by *Harriet Muir* 46–47

The Model Mother . . .
by *Louisa Kay* 48

Make Your Own Workbox 51

General

Books:
Reviewed by *Alan Seymour* 41 and 62

Stories

In Her Honour
by *Frances Richardson*
Illustrations
by *W. Smithson-Broadhead* 9–12 and 52

A Change of Diet
by *Stanley Jackson*
Illustrations
by *Albert Bailey* 17–19 and 68

Cricket
by *Ralph Arnold*
Illustrations
by *M. Mackinlay* 26–28 and 62

On Compassionate Grounds
by *Richard L. Mason*
Illustrations
by *Steven Spurrier, A.R.A.* 30–32 and 56

All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia & Eve" will be found on page 68. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

The Inland Postage for this issue is 3d.

FOR YOU
-and the children too!

7½D Prices U.K. only
REFILLS 7d and 11½d
(Including Tax)

THE FAMILY FAVOURITE
FOR OVER 30 YEARS

D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.C.4 GD 2475

MOTHER SAYS . . .

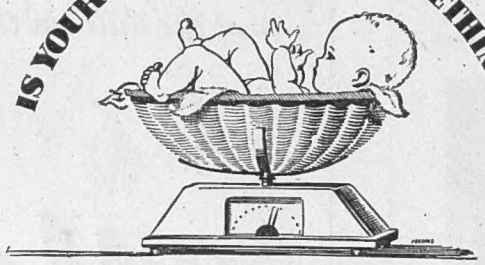
she owes her sturdy frame to Allenburys

Sturdy limbs and steady growth right from birth show the wisdom of choosing Allenburys. Made from fresh full-cream milk, suitably enriched and skilfully humanised to assure the greatest possible digestibility. Allenburys Milk Foods provide the best alternative to natural feeding.

A practical Book on Baby Care is offered to every mother and mother-to-be upon request. Send 2½d. in stamps to Allen & Hanburys Ltd., London, E.2.

Allenburys
FOODS FOR INFANTS
F.39

IS YOUR CHILD MISSING SOMETHING?



You are, naturally, eager to do the best for your under-five child. And if you don't give him his Cod Liver Oil and Orange Juice, you've a reason! Any sensible mother wants to know the "whys and wherefores" before she decides. Here are some typical queries gathered from clinics and other distribution centres. Read them carefully, consider the answers—and then, well, it's up to you!

WHAT'S THE REASON FOR THE SCHEME?

The under fives are in grave danger of missing certain vitamin-rich foods in present conditions. Older children, because they are able to cope with greater quantity and variety of foods, can make up for shortages of some things with wider choice of others. But the youngest cannot manage that. Cod Liver Oil and Orange Juice are necessities, to enable them to have a healthy diet. So necessary, in fact, that the Government arrange to supply these two vitamin foods at low prices or free in certain circumstances.

My child looks well enough without them

Cod Liver Oil and Orange Juice are not medicines for sick children, but *foods* needed to make children grow and keep them healthy. Cod Liver Oil is rich in vitamins A and D. A builds resistance to certain infections, especially of the "chesty" kinds. D builds bones and teeth. Orange Juice contains vitamin C. Lack of this vitamin brings the dread disease, scurvy; too little gradually makes the child pale, flabby, fractious and open to catch childish ills. Lack of these two vitamin foods may not show for a long time. But harm is being done all the same, and cannot be put right in grown-up life.

How can I get Cod Liver Oil and Orange Juice?

You get them at Welfare Centres, Clinics, Food Offices, or other distribution centres. You pay for them by sticking stamps on the Green Ration Book coupons; 5d. for Orange Juice, 10d. for Cod Liver Oil. Those entitled to free milk can get special "Free" coupons for the foods from the Food Office.

I tried them: they upset Baby

Start again, but with very small quantities. Just a drop or two of Cod Liver Oil, gradually increasing until you reach the amount advised. Dilute the Orange Juice more than usual, and perhaps add a little sugar. But if you still have difficulty, consult your Doctor or Clinic. *Don't* just let the matter drop; it is one vital to your child's health.

The foods just aren't obtainable in my district

Then do, please, *write straight in to headquarters*, Food Advice Division, Ministry of Food, London, W.1. Only when we know there is something wrong in your district, can we help to put it right for you!

FREE LEAFLET. For particulars of other Priorities, send a postcard for leaflet "Extras needed by Mother and Child" to Food Advice Division, Ministry of Food, London, W.1, or ask for it at your local Food Advice Centre.

MF

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD (S139)

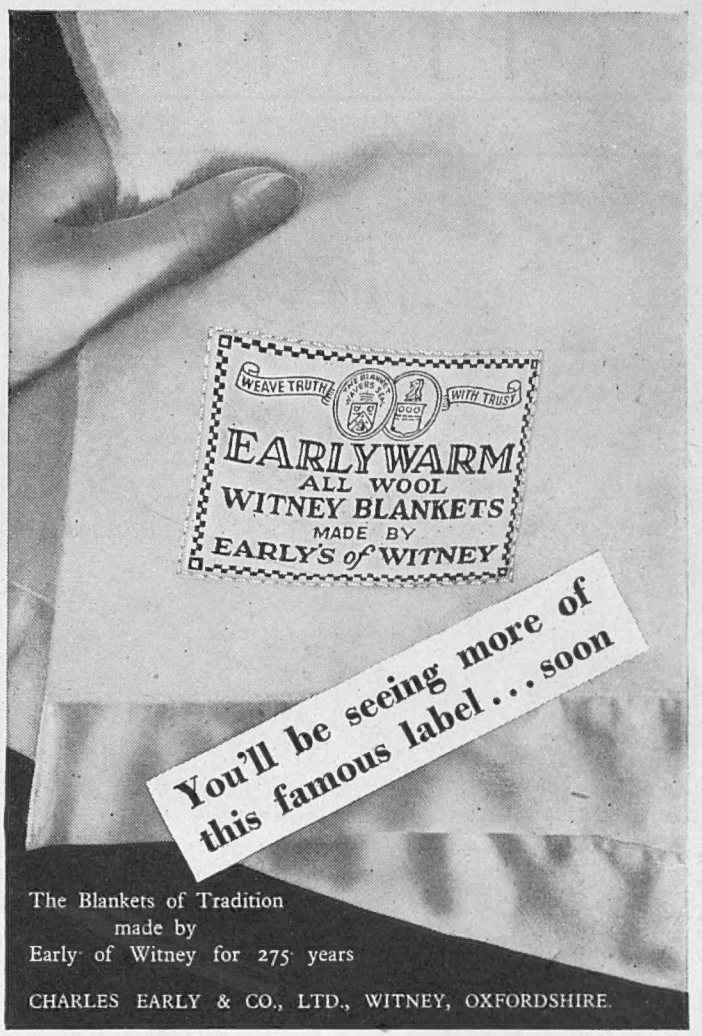
Her confidence is in Goya

To her moments of triumph she adds the charm of confidence . . . Confidence in herself, and confidence in the genius of Goya—the man whose perfumes are superbly finished masterpieces.

GOYA

perfumes . powders . lipsticks

161 NEW BOND STREET LONDON W.1



Do your teeth complete your charm?

the answer's on the tip of your tongue
Use Pepsodent. Then feel with your tongue how its super-cleansing Irium has flushed stain-collecting film away.
1/3 & 2/2. Also made in powder form
IRIUM
Pepsodent
TOOTH PASTE

Templeton's

"AYR" WOOLS

There is more than a century of spinning experience behind the famous "Ayr" Wools. Ask at your Wool Shop for the following qualities:

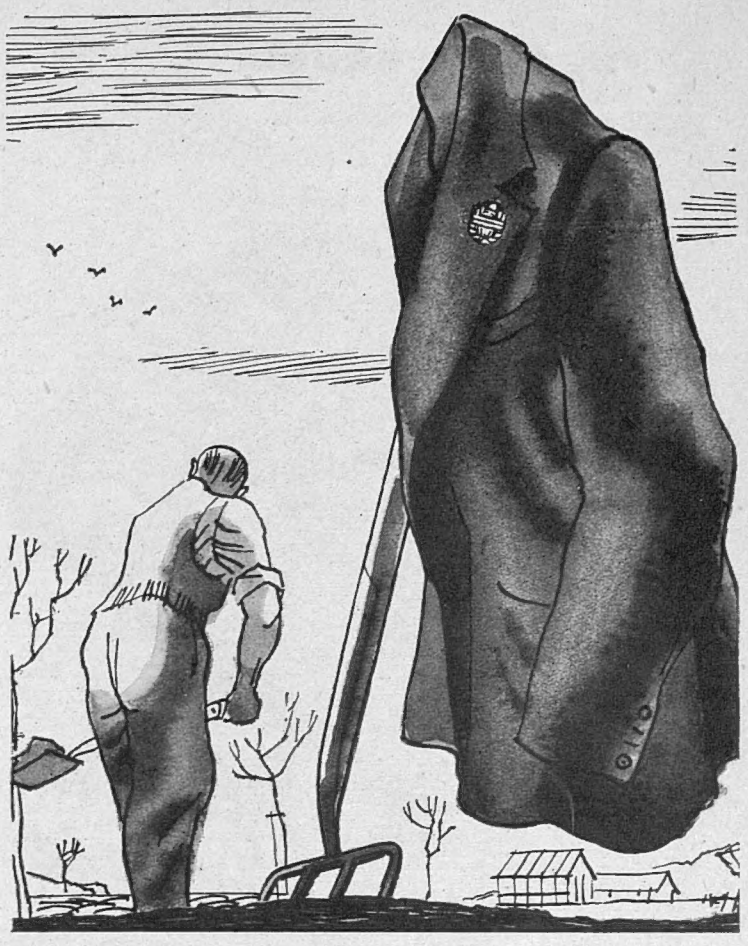
"AYRBEAM" SUPER SCOTCH FINGERING
3-ply—Service and Civilian Shades
4-ply—Service Shades only

"PICOTEE" FINGERING

SUPER BABY WOOL

There are none better

JAMES TEMPLETON & SON LTD.
Worsted Spinners · AYR · SCOTLAND
Established 1827 T2



Who is he?

No need to ask. We've all come to know that rugged outline so well that we can recognise him from here. Old George has been round collecting our Savings for years now and it would take more than rain, hail or snow to stop him. He's a Voluntary Worker in the National Savings Movement and he looks after a big slice of country in our part of the world. But he does this fine unpaid job cheerfully, because he knows that savings are vital to our Country's prosperity—which in turn is vital to our individual prosperity.

Why not become a Voluntary Savings Worker yourself? Your Local Savings Committee will welcome you, or write to the National Savings Committee (Dept. V.W.5), London.

Issued by the National Savings Committee

SAVE FUEL

Keep warm inside with

Unexcelled C&B Since 1706

CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S

MOCK TURTLE · VEGETABLE · MEAT · MULLIGATAWNY · TOMATO

By Appointment

Cerebos

The salt of a century

THE DAILY ROUND

It is a comfortable thought when facing the daily round to know that in one's pocket is a packet of " Player's " . . . . .

Player's Please

—MEDIUM OR MILD · PLAIN OR CORK TIPS—

N.C.C.568N

Horrockses REGD.

the Greatest Name in Cotton

SHEETS · PILLOWCASES
TOWELS · FLANNELETTES
WINCETTES · DRESS GOODS
SHIRTINGS · FURNISHINGS
UTILITY FABRICS · ETC.

HORROCKSES, CREWDSON & CO. LTD., PRESTON, MANCHESTER, BOLTON, LONDON

I PAROZONE my way through SPRING CLEANING

Spring cleaning time, and with it the urge to banish dirt from every nook and cranny, brings Parozone into its own. For wall tiles, tiled fire-places and cooking stove Parozone is invaluable; it cleans crystal, glass and bedroom ware, and makes white-wood articles really *white*. While for preserving the original whiteness of linens, it is unparalleled. Yes, Parozone *proves* itself—and the label tells you how.

Don't blame your suppliers if you can't get all the Parozone you want. Bear with us please — we are doing everything possible to maintain supplies.

PAROZONE REGD

does more than bleach

HEAD OFFICE: GLASGOW; and at London and Nottingham

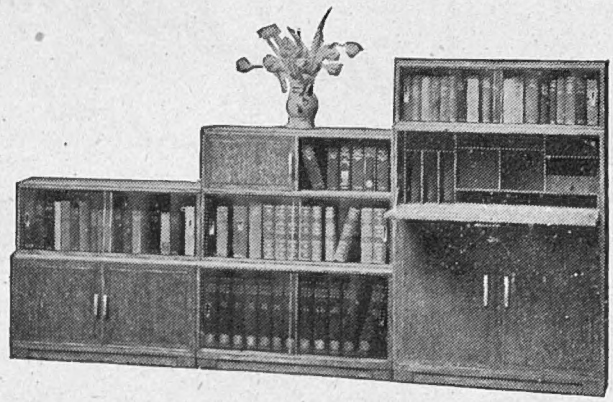
Electric HEATING *by* Creda

A fire in tasteful design, of a type or finish for any scheme of decoration—this is Creda Electric Heating from which you get warmth without work. Make a note for your post-war home.

your constant servant

Issued by SIMPLEX ELECTRIC CO. LTD. OLDBURY, BIRMINGHAM

WHEN WE ARE ALLOWED TO



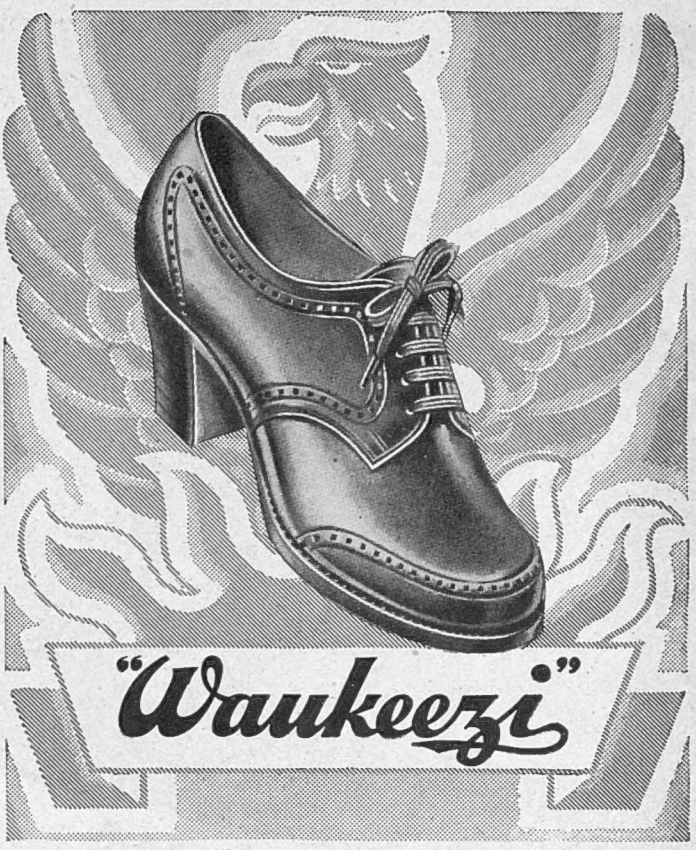
The manufacture of furniture essential to the primary needs must still take precedence in the National economy. When adequate supplies for this purpose are in sight, we shall be permitted once more to produce Minty bookcases and furniture. For the time being, lovers of the good things of life will, if they are lucky enough to possess them, treasure their Minty possessions; or, if not, wait without too much impatience till we can supply. This we shall do at the earliest possible moment.

MINTY CRAFTSMANSHIP

SECTIONAL BOOKCASES, CHAIRS, ETC.

Our customers, past and future, may rest assured that every new Minty production will conform both in quality of materials and craftsmanship to the standard always associated with the name "Minty."

MINTY LTD., 44/45 HIGH STREET, OXFORD



Truly expressing the current "sports" thought in footwear, "JOAN" is a lovely model tie-shoe in Brown Willow Calf, with welted sole and leather heel. Flexible, perfect fitting. THE WAUKEEZI SHOE CO., LTD.

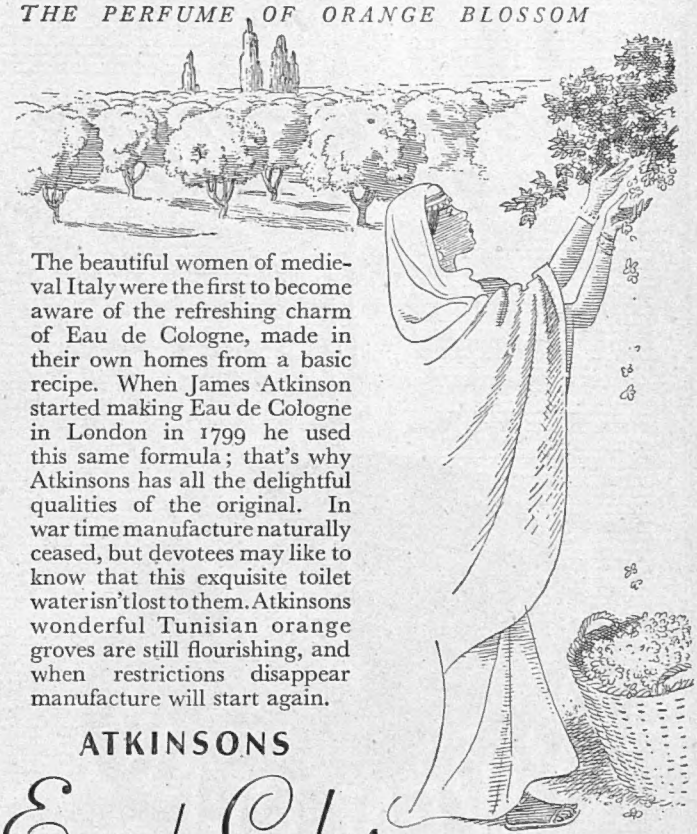
HOWARDS' ASPIRIN

does not *smash* your ailments.

It very, very gently *soothes, relieves and ends many a trouble*

HOWARDS & SONS LTD. (EST. 1797) ILFORD

THE PERFUME OF ORANGE BLOSSOM



The beautiful women of medieval Italy were the first to become aware of the refreshing charm of Eau de Cologne, made in their own homes from a basic recipe. When James Atkinson started making Eau de Cologne in London in 1799 he used this same formula; that's why Atkinsons has all the delightful qualities of the original. In war time manufacture naturally ceased, but devotees may like to know that this exquisite toilet water isn't lost to them. Atkinsons wonderful Tunisian orange groves are still flourishing, and when restrictions disappear manufacture will start again.

ATKINSONS

Eau de Cologne

OLD BOND STREET

AEC 149-96 J. & E. ATKINSON LTD.

Good to find something that does you good and is good to taste too! Two good reasons for taking—

ENO'S
"FRUIT SALT"

2/- and 3/6 a bottle (tax inc.)

EVERY SMART MAN KNOWS

dressing up begins with

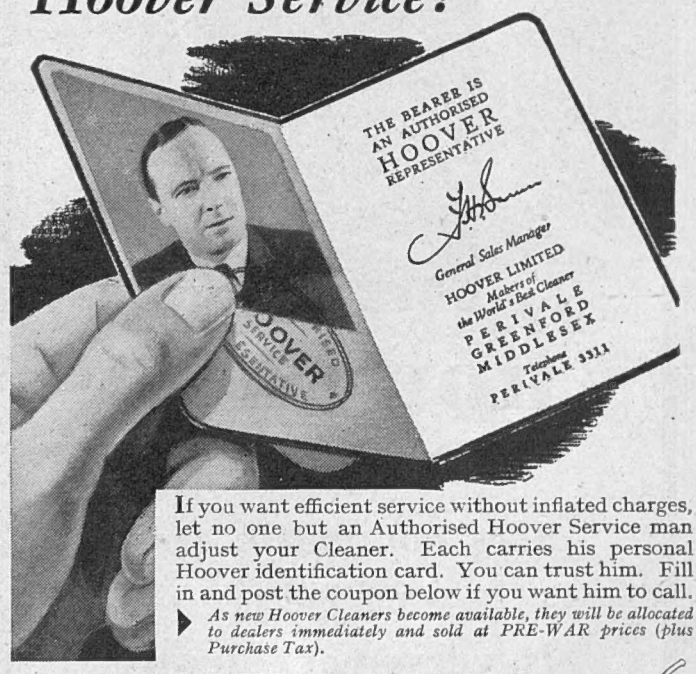
MERIDIAN

J. B. LEWIS & SONS, LTD, Nottingham. *Est.* 1815. Suppliers to the Wholesale Trade

This good cigarette in green packets

CARRERAS · 150 YEARS REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

Passport to real Hoover Service!



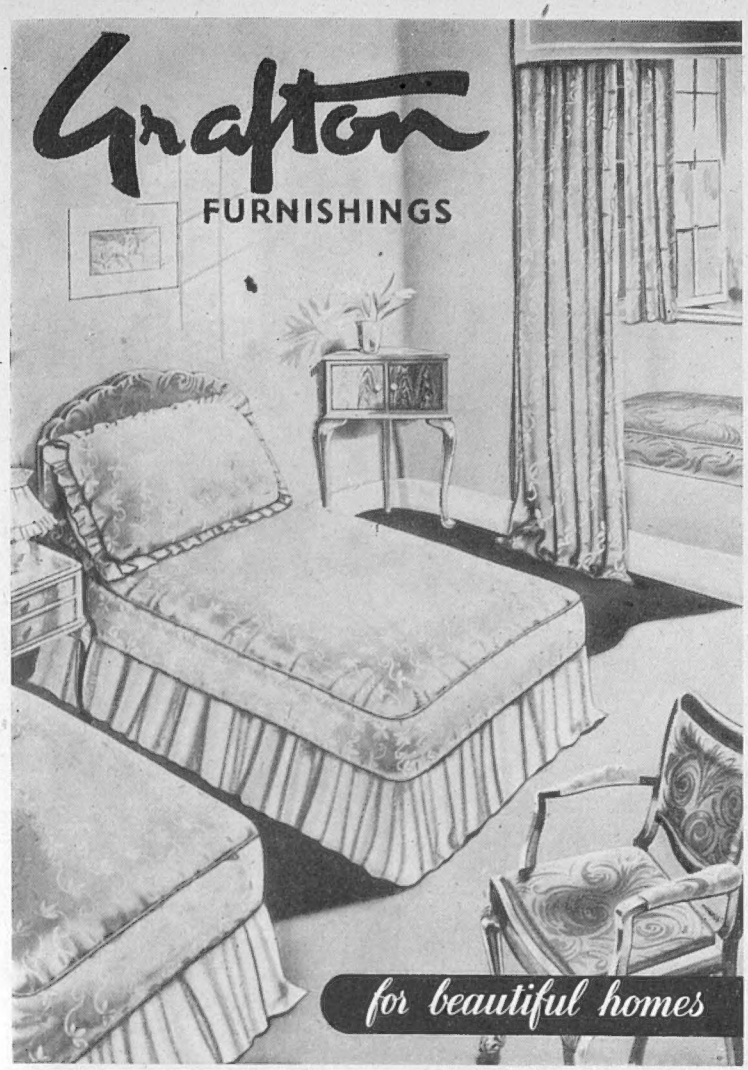
If you want efficient service without inflated charges, let no one but an Authorised Hoover Service man adjust your Cleaner. Each carries his personal Hoover identification card. You can trust him. Fill in and post the coupon below if you want him to call.

▶ *As new Hoover Cleaners become available, they will be allocated to dealers immediately and sold at PRE-WAR prices (plus Purchase Tax).*

HOOVER Ltd. (C.209) PERIVALE, GREENFORD, MIDDX.
▶ MY HOOVER NEEDS SERVICE!

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....



Cheer up Old Chap—
our Cow & Gate
will soon be here!

A delightful picture, isn't it? Already at seven months these two grand little chaps have won two first prizes.

It is not surprising, really. They are fed on Cow & Gate.

Try Cow & Gate for your baby and have the joy of watching the steady, contented progress he makes.

© 3712

COW & GATE MILK FOOD

"Babies Love it!"

"Spring cleaning! The very thought of it makes me feel hot and bothered."

"Try this Mansion Polish, my dear! It's quick and easy to use and when you see the lovely polish on your floors and furniture I'm sure you'll feel well rewarded for so little trouble."

MANSION
ANTISEPTIC WAX **POLISH**
FOR FLOORS, FURNITURE AND LINO

Use sparingly—still in short supply

Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4

MP/TC

Women and Banking

In an ever-widening circle of customers the Bank sees and welcomes an increasing number of women. Some have an account for business, some for personal affairs, some for their household expenditure—and all have tested in practice the value of a banking account. In this way they keep careful watch over income and outgoings, and many have found financial problems easier to solve by consultation, in complete confidence, with the Bank Manager.

An account at Britain's largest bank is a convenience to be appreciated only by experience; and you are invited to call upon the Manager of any one of the Bank's 1800 and more branches to discuss the wide range of services available for your use. He will readily explain the kind of account best suited to your needs and how simply it may be opened and operated.

MIDLAND BANK LIMITED

ESSENTIALS OF LOVELINESS

CLEANSE · TONE · NOURISH

Elizabeth Arden

25 OLD BOND STREET LONDON, W.1
NEW YORK PARIS

You'll be simply delighted with the latest Harella coats and suits! From all leading stores. L. Harris Ltd. (wholesale only) 243 Regent St. London, W.1

beautiful pure round wool of pre-war quality

The 'hand in stocking' is just another way of saying

Aristoc

FULL FASHIONED STOCKINGS

"It sounds so at peace," said Tanya wistfully. "Should I like England, do you suppose?"

In Her Honour

A Story Of Love And War

By

Frances Richardson

DINNER was over. The four men rose from the polished, candle-lit table and turned, glass in hand, towards the portrait over the fireplace. The room fell very quiet, the long, crimson velvet curtains muffling all sound from the London street.

The portrait showed a slender girl with white shoulders and that rare, exquisite beauty for which Vienna once was famous: pale gold hair, eyes that were almost violet, delicate features and an air of young innocence that had nothing "missish" in its quality.

The host raised his glass: "To Tanya," he said. "Blessed is she that giveth——" His voice faltered, and the friends on his right and left said "Tanya!"

The fourth, just home from Europe, echoed them after an infinitesimal pause. Then slowly he, too, lifted his glass. He was on leave from interrogating minor war criminals. The portrait, he was thinking, must have been painted seven years ago when Tanya would be twenty.

IN the years between the wars, Charles Dishart's acquaintances wrote him off as one of nature's bachelors. He was not ill-looking. The cynicism in his tolerant grey eyes and the shrewdness of his well-cut mouth gave him, if anything, an air of cool distinction. He dressed well, if soberly, lived in agreeable chambers where he could be relied upon for a good bottle of wine, and was understood to have private means and some connection with the Foreign Office. Women found him disappointing, men slightly inhuman. His pleasantest quality was his kindness, for he would go out of his way to perform small services for people with no claim on him at all; but those who knew him best foretold for him a lonely old age. He simply did not care enough—about anyone, or anything. He was a looker-on at life, finding the show full of sound and fury, signifying very little. He had been twenty-one when the First World War ended, having seen the men who mattered to him give their lives for the brave new world of the 1920's. He was not alone in the disillusion that turned some men sour, others into playboys, others to violence. Charles Dishart, the over-civilised, simply withdrew from emotion and belief, gathered a few choice possessions about him and, at forty, was beginning to be satisfied with his neutral-tinted detachment.

In 1938, the small circle accustomed to enjoying his excellent dinners was grieved to learn that his department was sending him to Central Europe: "To Prague," the word went round, "or was it Warsaw—or Cracow? *Somewhere* inaccessible."

Charles Dishart took up his new duties when the city was at its loveliest. The lilac in the streets, the golden domes and slender green minarets, the shop signs in sculptured stone, the horse-drawn cabs and the bunchy skirts of the peasant girls, all delighted him. For all his self-sufficiency, he was sensitive to exotic beauty and the sudden change from London, which he had left on a grey, rain-swept day, had set stirring a youthful sense of anticipation that he had forgotten since he was nineteen.

At his first reception he met Tanya, and his immediate thought was that she was the only English-looking creature in this mob of fashionable women.

Five minutes later he was wondering how he could have considered her remotely English. She wore a leaf-green frock and no jewels but a delicately-chased locket on a thin chain. She was a dryad in a silver-birch, a theme from Mozart, a child in a forgotten fairy-tale: in short, she had gone to Charles Dishart's exceptionally level head.

He danced with her, and her gaiety sparkled with the freshness of sunlight on mountain water. He found it intoxicating. He forgot his pleasant London existence and near middle-age. He took her on to the terrace where the lights of the city made jewelled chains below, and there her mood changed. Very softly she began to ask him of his home and he found himself telling her, not of London, but of the gentle Shropshire valley where his mother still lived. He became almost lyrical.

"It sounds so at peace," she said wistfully. "Should I like England, do you suppose?"

He had a wild, sweet vision of taking her there—down the steep lane, through the water-splash, in at the white gates between the rhododendrons. Silence trembled between them and, aware of it, he said at random, "Would you? I don't know. Where is *your* home?"

She said quietly, "I have no home."

He could find no adequate words. They were speaking in French, and his was rustier than he had thought. He murmured sympathetic phrases but, "No, no," she protested. "I am very

Illustrations by W. Smithson-Broadhead

fortunate. My father's cousins, the Michalovskis, are so good and kind." The tone was brave but lacked conviction.

Charles had seen the Michalovskis, the sharp-faced banker and his self-important wife. Gently he drew Tanya's story from her. Briefly—and she told it only briefly—her mother had been a Viennese; both parents were dead; she was related to half the minor houses of Europe, and she was very poor. At the moment, the Michalovskis were being "good and kind." In return, Charles suspected, Tanya's charm and beauty gained entry to a circle which might otherwise have forgotten the Michalovskis clinging to its fringe.

He looked at her as she sat leaning forward, shadowy in her pale frock, her fingers playing with the locket at her throat.

"This is my mother, *here*," she said. "I am very like her, but it is too dark for you to see."

"Show me to-morrow," he begged. "How early can you lunch with me?"

THEY met many times in the next few weeks and he was absurdly delighted to learn from a colleague that she had been making discreet enquiries about himself. She took him on small expeditions around the city and he enjoyed the pride her beauty gave him. She wore a simple frock as if it were a model, and was very clever about the details of her sophisticated appearance. No, after all, he could not see her in Shropshire. He said as much one day, and she retorted:

"You think I am only for the town? For that, you shall take me to the place where the rivers meet! I warn you," with a nod of her ash-fair head, "it will take all day!"

The knowledge that he ought not to take the whole day only added glamour to the excursion, and Charles was early in calling for Tanya at the Michalovskis' grey stone house. Pigeons cooed as he crossed the quiet courtyard and were mocked from the creeper-hung balcony above. Looking up, he found Tanya laughing down at him. She had put on a cornflower-blue print with full, white sleeves, and now she ran down to him, bare-legged, her feet in red sandals. It amused her to dress like a peasant to-day. He thought she could never look like one.

They drove out of the city and across the wide plains. At length they came to a junction of two placidly-curving rivers, and here, shaded by willows, they unpacked Charles's lunch-basket and Tanya kicked off her shoes.

But, having eaten his delicacies with the frank appetite of a schoolgirl, she lay on the green river-bank, her chin in her hands, looking down into the water and, as always when she fell silent, her face was touched with melancholy.

"What is it, Tanya?" Her swift changes of mood never failed to charm him.

"I was wondering——" She turned over and linked her hands behind her head, "why it is that the nice men do not seem to marry."

A quivering poplar tree threw dancing leaf shadows over her face. It was odd and exciting to look down upon.

"If you mean me," he challenged, "it's simple. I never wanted to until it was too late."

"Too late?" she echoed, her grave eyes on his.

"How old are you?" he countered abruptly.

"Twenty."

"Well, there's your answer. I'm forty-one."

Her lips parted. The slow smile that was like stars coming out lit her charming face. She did not move nor take her eyes from his.

Suddenly, roughly, he stooped and kissed her.

THEY were married with little delay. The Michalovskis, who liked to patronise the arts, commissioned Tanya's portrait for a wedding-gift and, after a honeymoon among the pointed firs of the Carpathians, Charles and Tanya set up house in an elegant apartment in the modern part of the city. It was a little beyond Charles's means, but Tanya had lingered so wistfully in its doorway that he could not bring himself to reject it. He would economise in other directions.

Not immediately, however, for there were parties to give, and for these Tanya must have frocks and slippers, hot-house flowers and wines such as, she prettily averred, only Charles knew how to choose. But when this spate of entertaining

Tanya lay on the green river-bank, her chin in her hands, looking down into the water and, as always when she fell silent, her face was touched with melancholy

abated, Charles tried once more to make clear his financial position. Tanya listened solemnly and, at the finish, said with satisfaction, " It sounds a nice lot of money."

It was too much to expect her to understand such distant matters as English income-tax and the charges on the little Shropshire estate, and it was unfair to ask her to be sensible yet with the first real money she had ever handled. This latter fact was brought home that same evening when she unpacked a milliner's box all over the study where Charles was catching up arrears of work.

" There ! " She poised the pretty absurdity on her head and he turned from his desk.

" Anyone but you," he grinned, " would be looking like an organ-grinder's monkey in the thing, but——"

" Indeed ! Wait till you see what it costs ! "

He stooped and retrieved the bill from the tissue-paper on the floor. He unfolded it.

" Tanya, this can't be *correct* ? "

She leaned over his shoulder : " M'm."

" But, darling, in English money it 's about six pounds. It can't have cost more than half-a-crown ! "

" Half-a-crown for the ribbon and tulle and,—and—don't tell me—five pounds eighteen—no, *seventeen* shillings and sixpence for the good idea. See how I 'm learning the English

money ! " She rubbed her cheek against his and his arm slipped involuntarily about her. The hat fell upside-down on his desk upon his papers.

" Paul comes to-morrow," she reminded him. " I must do you credit with Paul. He is *very* critical."

Paul was one of Tanya's numerous connections on her mother's side. His principal occupation was driving racing cars, and he knew everyone in that international world, but for the next twelve months he expected to be in the city establishing luxury sales-rooms for a German motor firm.

On arrival, he turned out to be a dark-skinned, handsome youth with a scornful expression and nervous hands. His manners were formally elaborate, his conversation adolescent, and he showed immediate signs of monopolising Tanya's time. This, Charles welcomed with some relief. As he put it to himself :

" I 'm too old to racket all night and work next day, but Tanya should have her fun before settling down." He was so sensitive to the disparity in their ages, so fearful of her finding him an old man of the sea.

Tanya caught her breath, turned mutely into their bedroom, and he heard her beginning to pack. When he went in, she was dressed in her Red Cross uniform

Apart from a certain anxiety over money, which he met by personal economies that did him no harm, Charles was sublimely happy throughout these early months. Tanya made an enchanting wife, a delightful hostess to his older guests, and never allowed him to feel neglected for young Paul.

But tension in Europe was increasingly strained, and Charles began to talk of sending Tanya to England.

" Not yet," she always begged. " No need to panic yet. No one here seems very worried." It was too true.

The last time he put the matter to her she was sitting on the yellow Chinese rug at his feet, and she turned swiftly to lay his hand against her cheek.

" Don't send me away, my darling. It is kind of your mother to invite me, but I think she makes too much of the danger. She is old, poor sweet, and you are her son."

" She 's fretting," he agreed. " In the last war, she ran a Red Cross hospital. If there 's another, she 'll only be rolling bandages or whatever old ladies do. She won't like that."

" Red Cross," said Tanya thoughtfully. " Of course. That is what *I* must learn to do." He felt her shiver against his knees.

Rumours were flying over the telephone-wires, were exaggerated in the cafés, denied in the Legations. Bricks were dropped at dinner-tables, murmured conversations checked at an outsider's approach. The country hummed with spies and propaganda. Tanya attended her Red Cross classes and, at home, sat very quiet when the European situation was discussed.

After one such evening, when feeling had run high and excitable words been spoken, Charles warned her :

" You 're very discreet, aren't you, darling ? Never repeat anything you hear, no matter how trivial, not even to Paul ? "

" My Charles, I don't even understand you. All these hints and riddles, they mean nothing to me. It 's better so."

He kissed her. " It 's too bad, but you 're so quiet a mouse they forget you 're there ! "

She was twice away from home about this time, attending Red Cross demonstrations in the country, Paul taking her down in his racing car. A few nights after her return from the second of these, Charles woke suddenly and sat up, confused and startled. The moonlight showed the door ajar with Tanya beside it, and, as he snapped on the light, she turned swiftly :

" 'Sh—oh, *'sh* ! "

She was clutching the door as if afraid of falling : her eyes were big with fright, and he could see her body shaking in its white satin wrap.

" What is it, Tanya ? " He struggled out of bed, his feet feeling for their slippers.

" Someone in the flat," she breathed. " I was *sure*, but it 's quiet now."

" You haven't looked ? "

" Not yet—oh, *don't* ! " She flung herself on him to (*Continued on page 52*)

The Big Shots of Dope

By Ferdinand Tuohy

NINETY years ago nobody, coloured or white, had ever had a "shot" of dope and no poppy grew in China.

Uppermost in the mind, after any study of the drug traffic, is the *recentness* of world-wide addiction and now is a good time to state the fact—as UNO takes over the League of Nations' failure to cope with the traffic. As other vices and dangerous indulgences go, drug-taking is indeed a case of "only yesterday"; the ever-widening onrush of the habit, the most frightening aspect of the problem.

Of course, opium-taking is as old—well, as Eygptian papyri on which were found inscribed its properties as sleep-inducer. The point is that, all down the centuries, the crude absorption of the poppy into the system evoked no scares. "Among the remedies which it has pleased Almighty God to give to man, none is as universal and efficacious as opium" the English Dr. Sydenham could record in the eighteenth century, and the world was with him.

Had it been recognized, the first danger-signal came in 1855 when the Dubliner, Dr. Rynd, produced the hypodermic syringe. Now it was possible to give injections of morphine which had first been extracted from opium fifty years previously. The doctors said there was no fear of any harmful habit being formed and use of "the needle" was even left to family discretion. Cocaine followed from a Bolivian plant, in 1858, and that was fine, too. It was even recommended as an antidote to bashfulness. No one saw any danger until widespread use of "the needle" in the American Civil War and Franco-Prussian War bequeathed scores of thousands of clamant addicts.

Meanwhile the Chinese had supplemented their opium intake from India by sowing the first poppy field of their own. By the end of the century these fields were casting an acrid breath over towns and zones of China and lands adjacent. And I.G. Farben had given the label "heroin" to a new, high-power, white derivative of morphine. In fact the stage had been set for the drug traffic as we know it to-day: opium, morphine, cocaine and heroin (hashish we may leave out, as a natural, not manufactured, drug strongly localized to the Arabs, while esters and barbiturics are also off the main canvas).

I persist on the note of recentness. From 1900 to 1920 addiction spread among the Asiatics, but Britain and Holland kept a hand on things by monopolies in India and the East Indies, and the Chinese Republic managed to curb the peasants' growing of opium which they could raise as easily as corn or beans. In the white world, the only people who seemed in any danger were the Americans: in 1908 it was estimated that one in thirty New Yorkers took "shots" of cocaine or heroin.

Yet how *piano* all this was, compared with what happened from 1920 onwards! World War I sent dope rocketing among whites and coloured alike. First, racketeers saw the huge sums to be amassed by the smuggling internationally of the highly compressible heroin, morphine and cocaine; and second, the Japanese saw the value of drugs as a weapon of expansion.

Take the map of the world and encircle Istanbul and Sofia; Marseilles, Paris, Le Havre, Hamburg, Naples, Antwerp, New York, San Francisco, Buenos Aires. Do the same with Osaka, Shanghai, Dairen, Tientsin, Nanking. And do not forget Alexandria, Port Said, Athens, Trieste, Barcelona. Join all these places together and you will at least get a stratospheric glimpse of the Poison International as this was operated by liner and cargo vessel, *wagon-lit* and aeroplane, Morse code, and long-distance telephone.

The League of Nations made a sustained attempt to suppress the racketeer or "dope baron" but he was altogether too nimble—and protected. Running his business on lines closely akin to a spy chief, among his kind were names that would startle, had they not been kept utterly out of sight in the background. They were spotted by the old system of "Where do they get all their money from?" and continued to be honoured "socialites," one or two of them even public favourites.

All the League really did was to drive the clandestine factories which used to be nearly all in Europe, out to China, where they were able to function much more effectively beside the poppy fields, fount of most dope. Here they turned out the high-power heroin and morphine for whites, besides preparing opium pills for the Chinese. About the only illicit factories left in Europe were in Bulgaria, which figures second to Japan on the national crime sheet of dope. Between wars nothing at all could be done about Japan which (*Continued on page* 54)

Dream

Hitler's mountain retreat at Berchtesgaden

Queen Marie Antoinette's little dream house, under snow, at Versailles.

One of the many dream houses of Gabriele d'Annunzio. "Il Vittoriale," on Lake Garda, an example of the architect, Giancarlo Maroni

THE architect grinned as he handed over the sketch. "How would you like to live in this one?" A combination Tudor and Gothic affair, with a steeply-pitched roof, it looked like a child's drawing of Queen Titania's mansion.

"Not as odd as some," remarked the house designer. "Here's one which is all right, except that built that way the walls wouldn't support the roof and floors, the flues would have to be carried clean across to this stack business at one end, they want stone walls in a brick country, and the whole thing, even straightened out, would cost nearer fifteen thousand than the three which is their limit."

It was interesting, this glimpse at some of the dreams of the citizenry at a time when planning "the house we're going to build—some day" is one of the great national sports and pastimes. But not taking a strictly technical and professional view, I could see something in the phenomenon which had escaped the house-designer. These visionaries were all in good company. The humblest and most unpractical of them was still in direct line of descent from the men who dreamed the Parthenon and the Pyramids, the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, Versailles, the great Gothic cathedrals, the castles perched on hills as though their owners thought of themselves as eagles (as perhaps they did), and those Palladian mansions set in romantic parks which began to plaster the English countryside after the eighteenth century Lord Burlington returned from Italy with ideas and a retinue of architects.

Building dream houses is one of the oldest human obsessions; and the only difference between those that got built and those that didn't is that some of the dreamers knew how to make their dreams come true, although sometimes the dream changed shape in the process, and not infrequently the cost winged away into the stratosphere.

MISS CLAUDETTE COLBERT, finding herself with $30,000 (£7,500) and plenty more to come, decided to have the finest small house in the world. The optimist! She said she wanted a Georgian house, but while she was busy, her architect built her a modern house—rightly, of course, for the "finest small house in the world" cannot be a throwback to a past age,

HOUSE

Many Structures Built By Famous Personalities Would Not Suit Everybody, But That's The Fascination Of Dream Houses — Everybody Is Apt To Have Their Own Individual Ideas

By C. Patrick Thompson

central heating, bathrooms, w.c.s, and electric kitchens being anachronisms in pre-modern houses.

However, having got the structure, Miss Colbert developed ideas about the interior and before she was through with interior, exterior, and gardens, she had footed bills for $250,000 (£62,500). Making dreams come true can be expensive.

The builder of history's most fabulous dream house had to loot a kingdom to finish the job. It all started with a little two-storey hunting lodge which the morose Louis XIII built in Versailles Forest as a refuge from a Paris life he hated. His son enlarged the place to accommodate himself, his court and the fair, fat Marie-Therese of Spain, his queen. Two years after the new building started he gave his first house-warming—the *fêtes* of the *Ile Enchantée*, a week's festivities ostensibly in honour of the Queen, but actually for his mistress, the delicate de la Valliere. Fêtes, and mistresses, succeeded one another; and four years later Louis decided to make Versailles his permanent residence. Architects, sculptors, painters, goldsmiths, gardeners and an army of 36,000 labourers were still busy on the job ten years later, although by then the palace had grown to accommodate the State departments, along with the ministers, nobility, courtiers, court functionaries, princes and princesses, bishops—in all, 10,000 persons.

By nights the king slipped away from this overload of grandeur he had created. Over the royal suite on the north side of the Cour de Marbre, the du Barry had a small apartment. The king knocked, entered, kissed his lady, hustled into the tiny kitchen, and started to cook a little supper for them both. The charms of smallness bewitched him so much that when he fell in love with de Montespan—who bore him five children—he bought up a hamlet a mile away, and built for her and himself a one-storey porcelain palace.

But the dream inevitably faded, and he pulled down the little palace and built on the site the Grand Trianon, a regular palace of marble and porphyry, with statues, fountains and marbles to match. In time it got too big and gregarious, too, so on the other side of the forest he scrapped Marly village and built a new dream palace, buried in foliage, with pavilions, avenues, carp ponds, cascades, bowers terraced gardens for masked balls, and lakes for water parties. That one cost a bagatelle—eleven million francs.

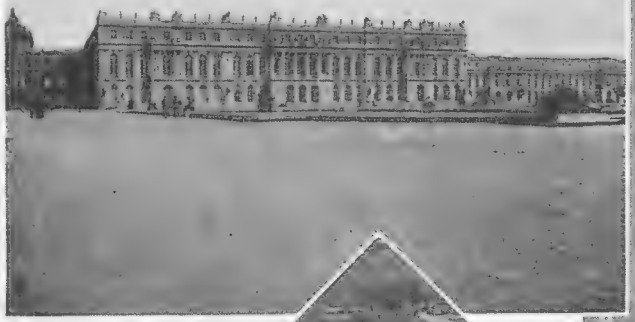
Louis XV inherited these dream houses and enjoyed them for half a century; and then came Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette—painted lips, powdered heads, amorous secrets, and games, endless games. Marie Antoinette built her own little dream annexes—a *laiterie*, where, in a milk-maid's smock and wooden shoes, she milked cows with gilded horns; and a private theatre, where she played her make-believe roles by the light of wax candles glimmering in crystal chandeliers.

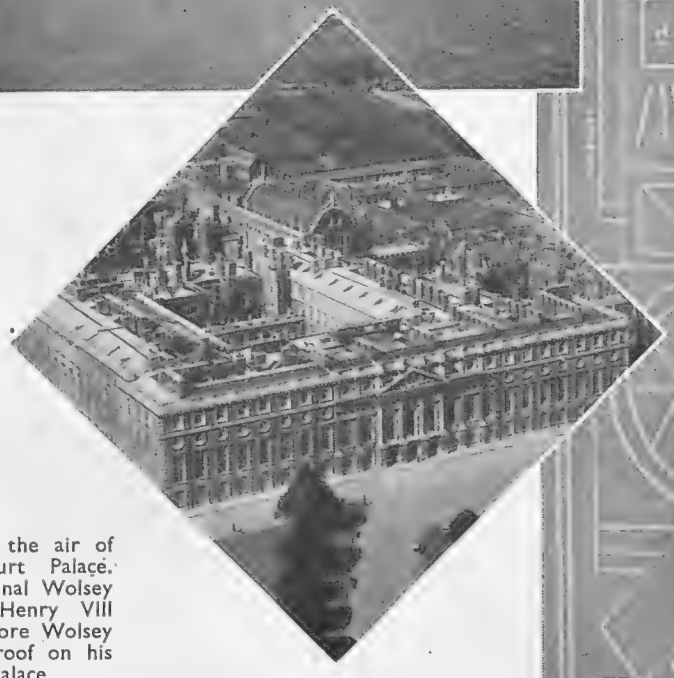
The guillotine ended the dream; the dream palaces crumbled into ruins or chilled into museums; and it is difficult to imagine, 200 years later, that once they were just drawings on paper, over which kings and their queens and mistresses pored eagerly, and argued with architects, and got headaches when the bills came in.

HITLER completed much the same cycle in two dynamic decades. Apart from the enormous new Berlin Chancellery, his Versailles, he had his Grand and Petit Trianons. The first began as Haus Wachenfeld, a little chalet on the wooded slopes of the Obersalzberg, the dream cottage of a normal human being. It finished as der Berghof, a place as big as an hotel and needing an hotel staff to run it. But before it reached the end its owner had sought another place in which he could be as alone as any man can be who has an empire to run. In a like dilemma, old Tiberius made himself a dream villa high on a craggy island in the bay of Capri, and old John D. Rockefeller built himself a dream house on the banks of the Potomac, bowered in woodlands, and provided with all its own services, including police, sewage disposal, and water. Hitler took to the mountain peaks. He cut a winding road nine miles long through (*Continued on page* 61)

(Right) The Medusa Room of "San Michele." Home of the world-famous author, Axel Munthe on the Isle of Capri

(Below) Versailles. A view of the palace from the park. History's most fabulous dream house. Projected by Louis XIII as a two-storey hunting lodge, a kingdom had to be looted to finish the job





A view from the air of Hampton Court Palace. Built by Cardinal Wolsey for himself, Henry VIII grabbed it before Wolsey had got the roof on his dream palace

"A Promenade at Carlisle House, Soho Square." Reproduced from the drawing by John Raphael Smith. Carlisle House was furnished and decorated in 1782 by Mrs. Cornelys who knew how to cater for a dance-and-pleasure-loving set, avid for sensation, novelty, and amusement at any price

Nothing New Under the Sun...

Past Parallels with "Modern" Characters

By Wilma Buckley

LONDON'S Mrs. Meyrick and New York's Texas Guinan, of the "Roaring Twenties," may seem, to the reflective, peculiarly contemporary characters.

But the London of the eighteenth century produced a sizeable night club queen in the person of a certain Mrs. Cornelys; what is more, the venue of her activities and the character of her clientele, provide a parallel with West End night life of present times.

Mrs. Cornelys came to England from Germany in 1756, her origin shrouded in some obscurity. In 1762, she furnished and decorated Carlisle House in Soho—a district, then, as now, suitably central for fashionable gaieties—and here produced a series of dances and musical entertainments for the subscribing "nobility and gentry," attracting more and more attention (and notoriety) as time went by. Such was her success, in fact, that a second entrance had to be added to Carlisle House to obviate the crush, and special ventilation—as much of an innovation then as air-conditioning to-day—installed.

In spite of growing attacks in the Press and onslaughts from enemies who alluded threateningly to the Aliens' Act, Mrs. Cornelys, undaunted, attained to flourishing heights of success and became an established part of the pattern of modish London life. There is no doubt about it that she perfectly understood her world; knew how to cater for a dance-and-pleasure-loving set, avid for sensation, novelty, and amusement at any price. Between the years of 1768 and 1770, the galas, festivals, and masquerades in the brilliantly-lighted rooms of Carlisle House included, indeed, such notable personages and leaders of fashion as the King of Denmark, Lady Waldegrave, the Dukes of Devonshire and Gloucester, and the Duchess of Hamilton.

But since Mrs. Cornelys's assemblies and activities furnished ample scope for various illegalities, an increasing source of scandal, she was eventually brought before the magistrates, convicted and fined.

Rising competition from the newly-built Pantheon in Oxford Street plunged the night club queen into financial difficulties, in spite of all her efforts to keep her head above water; and in 1772 she became bankrupt and was forced to sell Carlisle House and its contents. Struggling along gamely, Mrs. Cornelys continued to function for a few years as manageress, (*Continued on page* 54)

"The Countess of Blessington." Reproduced from the portrait by A. E. Chalon, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery. She was probably the first woman of position to become a professional contributor to periodicals

A Change Of Diet

Which Nearly Wrecked The Matrimonial Bliss Of Julie And Her Fighter-Pilot Husband

By Stanley Jackson

"AREN'T you well, darling?" murmured Roy Clinton, looking up from his bowl of porridge. In one surprised glance he noted that his wife was nibbling at a piece of dry toast with a kind of dreamy far-away look.

"Never felt better," said Julie with rather exaggerated heartiness. He returned to his newspaper but put it down suddenly with a snort of indignation.

"Wonder when these politicians are going to give us a line on civil aviation," he muttered.

"SHUT up, you brute!" she shrilled. "I know I'm fat, but there's no need to make jokes about it." She ran out of the dining-room, her dressing-gown billowing indignantly about her

"It's about time you stopped worrying about it and thought about Mr. Gillespie's offer," she said tartly.

He said nothing and buttered himself another slice of toast. Why didn't women stop butting into matters they knew nothing about, he thought savagely. He reached for the marmalade and tried to see Julie's point of view. Of course, she was a bit worried about money. His fifty-six days of demob. leave were nearly up and old Gillespie was becoming a little testy.

"Your job's waiting for you, Roy," he had said, "but we're short of staff, you know. Come back as soon as you can . . ." But it was becoming more and more difficult to face up to the prospect of an architect's drawing-board. A pilot might hang away his uniform but it was darned hard to forget that you'd worn wings.

Julie put a plate of baked beans and fried bread in front of him and he flipped her a quick smile.

"Don't worry, ducky," he said cheerfully. "Bill's got his claws on that airfield and soon we'll be rolling in cash."

She sniffed and lit a cigarette. "As far as I can see, Bill and Porky and the rest do nothing but drink beer, night after night, and talk hot air. Just a bunch of kids, really."

He bristled at that. For weeks he and the rest of the lads from his old squadron had planned this new job. They were all flying-mad still, and it was a thrill just dreaming over the blue-prints of the new airfield. The Acme Flying School, it would be called, and already a brace of air vice-marshals had agreed to act as patrons. But organizing a set-up like that took time and quarts of beer and a good many evenings at Porky's flat in town. Poor old Julie was probably feeling a bit out of it.

He went round the table and slipped his arm about her waist. "Let's go out to dinner to-night," he murmured. "I'd love a steak or a chop." Then he noticed that she wasn't eating anything. "You *must* be ill!" he said, alarmed.

She smiled a tired but smug smile. "I'm starting a diet if you *must* know." She lit another cigarette and puffed hard on it.

"How damned silly! Nothing wrong with your figure." He threw a glance at her across the table. Maybe, she was getting a little plump but, then, it suited her. He ran his fingers through the mass of auburn curls and kissed her three times on the little saddle of freckles that ran across her nose.

"There!" he said heartily. "A kiss for each of your chins I loathe scraggy women!"

"Shut up, you brute!" she shrilled. "I know I'm fat, but there's no need to make jokes about it." She ran out of the dining-room, her dressing-gown billowing indignantly about her.

HE went on reading the paper, lounging moodily on his elbows. Audrey was behind all this, he decided grimly. Why couldn't she stay out of their affairs? But that was like asking the rain to stop falling. Audrey was simply born to take a firm hand in the lives of her friends.

His mind went back to their wedding-day. He had just got his wings and planned a quiet show in a registry office with a few drinks for the boys later on in the mess. Audrey had soon knocked that on the head. In the nicest way, of course. She had flashed him a bright smile but her slate-coloured eyes were hard as she fished out her little pocket-book.

"Now, let me see," she said briskly. "I know the Rector of St. Mark's pretty well. It's short notice, but he'll do it for me. And Dickie Carstairs has no end of a pull at the Berkeley. I'll give him a ring. Leave the flowers to me." Her silver pencil was scribbling furiously.

"Awfully nice of you, Audrey," he had said bleakly, "but Julie and I have decided on a quiet show. I'll only have forty-eight hours and——"

"Nonsense!" said Audrey, still scribbling like a demon. "Even when we were school kids together Julie was always promising herself a white wedding. Weren't you, dear?"

"Yes, but if Roy . . ."

Audrey's thin lips set in a martyred smile as she closed her pocket-book with a sharp click.

"I was only trying to help, of course."

Well, they had had a white wedding with a crowd of reporters, and camera bulbs flashing like mad. Only when they were in their room in the little hotel just outside Oxford (booked by Audrey) did Roy permit himself to drop a tiny hint.

"It's a wonder Audrey didn't come and spend our honeymoon with us," he said with a grin. "After all, I've still got thirty-six hours."

Julie's eyes were reproachful. "Isn't that rather ungrateful? She's done so much for us."

"Of course, darling. I'm a brute, and Audrey's one of the best." He had kissed her and they'd forgotten all about Audrey.

He filled his pipe and glared at the breakfast things. Of course, Audrey was behind this new diet stunt. It stuck out a mile. She'd probably come across some quack and was sentencing Julie to six months of lettuce sandwiches, dry toast and extract of nut omelette. He knew too much about Audrey to hope that the new fad would explode in mid-air. She was nothing if not thorough.

Back in the mad feverish days of the Battle of Britain he and Julie would meet for snatches of bliss.

"And how's Audrey?" he ask politely.

"Oh, up to the eyes, as usual," Julie would say, and they'd giggle happily at the joke. The war had given Audrey the ideal vent for her volcanic energies. It was all in the day's work to her whether she was organizing for Chinese babies or Chetnik wounded. She made two canteens grow where but one had grown before; and comfortable indeed were the soldiers or sailors for whom she provided comforts. Under her sharp eye thousands of knitting needles had clicked in Kensington Gore, and tenors with laryngitis went meekly to the Albert Hall lashed, not by eloquence of pleading, but by sheer cold determination.

Roy knocked the ashes out of his pipe and piled the breakfast things on the trolley. Julie was in the kitchen, already dressed.

"Going out?" he asked in surprise.

"Yes," she snapped back. "I'm off to the hairdresser's."

He grinned as he rolled up his sleeves and started washing up. "Friend of dear Audrey's, no doubt," he murmured.

Julie dabbed at her mouth with a lipstick. "You might remember that she got us this flat," she said sharply. "Otherwise, we might have been living in a bed-sitter or buried in the country with your mother."

"And what's wrong with my mother?" he demanded with dangerous calm.

Julie didn't rise to the bait. She pecked him gaily on the cheek. "Nothing, darling," she whispered. "I adore her son, but he's such an ass."

When she had gone he cursed himself for losing his temper. Drat these women, he thought angrily; they always put a chap in the wrong.

That evening he took Julie out to dinner but it was rather a frost. She annoyed their waiter by ignoring the menu and ordering a salad which she dissected with the care of a laboratory assistant handling radium. Now and then, he caught a wistful look at his chop and the excellent *crême caramel* that followed it. She turned abruptly away when he coaxed mushrooms on toast out of the waiter.

"This place is stuffy," she said suddenly. "I'd like to go home."

He raced through his mushrooms and gulped down the Turkish coffee over which he would have liked to linger with a pipe of baccy. His temper didn't improve when he was presented with a bill for two dinners.

"I'm sorry, sir," said the waiter calmly. "We don't do *à la carte* here."

"Awful swindle!" said Julie warmly as they walked back to the flat.

Illustrations By

"HALLO, you types," Porky boomed. "I was just about to call on you, bearing good tidings"

"I don't think so," he said, irritably. "Can't expect to turn the whole place upside down just because you won't eat anything normal."

She was staring at him, and he would have been startled by what was passing through her mind. Yes, Audrey is right; he does look absurdly young with that dark, curly hair and the petulant way his mouth turns down at the corners, just like a boy. What was it Audrey had said yesterday over the tea-cups?

"The war's darned unfair to us women, darling. Take Roy, for instance. The R.A.F. and all the thrill of being a fighter pilot has peeled the years off him. He looks younger than

Albert Bailey

ever." She sipped her tea thoughtfully. "We've done all the queueing and the drudgery and the worrying. We can't help feeling a bit chewed up, dear, and it shows up in our faces and, sometimes, in our figures." It was said kindly enough but Julie had trapped the sidelong glance at her waistline. She flushed and Audrey was quick to impress her point.

"No need to worry in *your* case, darling," she said silkily, "but is it *quite* wise to have a third cake?" Poor Julie had dropped it guiltily. Back home she had spent an agonized evening staring at herself in the mirror from a dozen angles, each of which seemed to drive home the force of Audrey's hint. That morning's unhappy breakfast was the first step back to the lissom pre-war Julie.

Roy's lean fingers bit deep into her sleeve. "I'm crazy about you, sweet," he whispered fiercely. "Don't let a diet card come between us!" He gave a sudden laugh. "When we get in I'll fix you a real sandwich, double-decker." The saliva raced to her lips. For a second or two, everything swirled about her; Audrey . . . Roy . . . the good resolutions . . . the little pockets of fat that winked back at her from the mirror. . . .

"A real double-decker," he was saying through the mist. "We've still got a bit of beef in the 'frig. Now, with some sweet pickle . . ." She stood tottering over a yawning abyss of hunger. Her lips were parted with anticipation. A nice glass of beer to wash down that lovely sandwich.

Trite but true is the observation that it is the small things that alter one's destiny. Not that anyone could possibly describe Porky Andrews as small. He loomed up at them, vast, chubby and beaming, a hairless roly-poly teddy bear in a short, very tight overcoat that might have fitted him in his undergraduate days.

"Hallo, you types," he boomed. "I was just about to call on you, bearing good tidings." Hard to believe that he could ever have been squeezed into the cockpit of a Spitfire without a shoehorn. Harder still to surmise what would have happened if he hadn't chosen to call that evening. Perhaps Julie would have had her double-decker beef sandwich and never gone within a hundred miles of Lincoln's Inn. Who knows . . .?

"What ho!" said Roy heartily.

"Hallo," sighed Julie, thinking of her sandwich and wondering if there was enough left on the joint for Porky. He was always hungry or thirsty, usually both. He was talking eagerly to Roy.

"Saw that commodore at the ministry this afternoon," he said. "I think it's in the bag." He slapped Roy on the back and waltzed round a lamp-post with an imaginary partner. "Our own airport, my children," he boomed. "Think of that!" He stopped waltzing and made an elaborate bow which was ruined by a slight unsteadiness as he straightened up.

"Let us to the nearest tavern and toast the dawn of prosperity!" he invited.

Roy turned to Julie. "Coming, darling?"

She stared at him coldly. "I'd only be in the way. Besides, I'm tired." And with a curt wave of the hand for Porky she ran upstairs.

"See you later, darling," Roy said with an effort.

SHE was fast asleep when he crawled into bed much, much later. They had drunk beer and chattered excitedly until closing time when Porky had insisted on showing him a new set of drawings which he had just brought back from the contractors who were tendering for one of the airfield jobs.

Next morning Julie was scarcely civil to him at breakfast. "Good of you to come home at all," she said sarcastically, sipping hot water with an air of melancholy. Roy forked another pancake and transferred it to his plate.

"Bags of stuff to talk over with old Porky," he said genially. "The good news will pop any minute." He clicked his teeth. "Just imagine me a director of the newest and best flying school in the country!"

Perhaps it was the spectacle of him eating such a hearty meal while she was faint with hunger. A little demon twitched in her brain and she had a sudden impulse to be catty.

"I'll believe it when I see the contract," she said with a cold smile.

He pushed away his plate and tipped his nearly full cup of hot tea into his lap.

"Dammit, Julie!" he yelled, jumping to his feet in agony, "I'm getting sick of your beefing at my friends." With that he stamped out of the room. While she was washing up the breakfast things she heard the door bang behind him. She lit a cigarette and switched on the radio while she dressed. A dance orchestra was playing a sentimental tune which made her feel more wretched than ever. Hunger bred the strangest nightmares as she ran the vacuum cleaner round the flat. With a sort of crystal-clear clairvoyance she saw before her plates of steaming turtle soup, colossal porterhouse steaks, delicious *crêpes Suzette* rising fragrantly from a blue flame. The tears filled her eyes, and she grew warm with self-pity. Suddenly, she rushed to the telephone and dialled Audrey's number. They arranged lunch together.

The lunch dovetailed into tea at Audrey's club. Somehow, the diet was easier with Audrey around. She wasn't a hearty eater herself, and besides it was a bit of moral support to get an approving nod when she ordered a beetroot sandwich and coffee for lunch.

"You won't know yourself in three months, dear," said Audrey comfortingly.

She was back in the flat by five but Roy was out. Two hours later, she was pacing up and down the (*Continued on page* 68)

A pair of cubs take a nap after their strenuous playfulness. (On left) A young bear tries out its climbing proclivities

Bear Facts . . .

About Some Of The World's Most Amusing Animals

By Frank W. Lane

BEARS are among the most popular animals in the world. As well as being firm favourites at any zoo and a great attraction to tourists in American and Canadian national parks, where they are allowed to roam at liberty, bears are also of great interest to scientists and travellers. And they have just that spice of danger about them which completes their attraction for the wild animal lover.

Bears are very wide-ranging animals. They are found in the frozen lands and seas of the Arctic and in the sweltering heat of tropical forests; some frequent the greatest mountain ranges in the world, such as the Atlas Mountains of North Africa and the Himalayas between India and Tibet, and others are creatures of the lowlands.

But by far the greatest number of bears is found north of the equator although a few species live in South America. Incidentally, the so-called "teddy bears" of Australia are not bears at all but those attractive little marsupials, the koalas.

Bears have a very varied menu. Scientifically, they are regarded as carnivorous, that is flesh-eaters, but all sorts of fruits and vegetables are eaten as well. It is also a surprising fact that animals weighing 300 pounds or more will spend a long time digging out a ground squirrel, pushing aside a huge boulder for the sake of the ants and other insects beneath, or smashing rotten logs to devour the grubs and beetles which have sought refuge inside.

Bears are also fond of honey and with their heavy coat will brave the attacks of the enraged custodians of the hive. They are also good fishermen and travellers have witnessed bears expertly flipping fish, frequently salmon, out of rivers on to the bank where they are devoured at leisure. Among other bear fishing methods are standing in a stream and snapping up fish with the paws and holding a fish on the bottom with a paw and then killing it with a bite. But bears are quite capable of killing large game. In the days when the bison and grizzly bears, among the largest of all bears, used to roam the great plains of the American Mid-West, (*Continued on page* 64)

(On right) Bears make delightful pets when young but are dangerous when older. These two cubs have left their mother to go exploring

(On right) A black she-bear with her cubs. A picture taken in one of the U.S. national parks

Old Tales Re-told

The Vengeance Of Queen Maeve

A Story Of Ireland In The Feudal Days

Illustrated by

F. Matania, R.I.

IN spite of the romantic balderdash of Irish mythology, the Kings and Queens of Ireland at the beginning of the Christian era, always snarling at one another's throats, were no better than rival gangsters of New York in the days of Prohibition. Few died in their beds. The technique of murder, revenge and jealousy of Irish royalty when they "muscled in" on forbidden territory was more subtle. The story of the vengeance of the Amazonian Queen Maeve of Connaught on the lecherous King Conor of Ulster is one of the more engaging illustrations of this subtlety. This crafty Queen and a few lovely Connaught girls, with complexions rosy as the foxglove and alluring figures, flagrantly used gross sexual provocation to lure the "Peeping Tom" Ulster King to his death. She was a born boss and knew no law except her own will.

It all began this way. King Conor of Ulster thought himself a good sportsman. In one of the rare intervals of peace between him and Queen Maeve of Connaught he held a festival at Armagh, where horses raced, songs were sung by bards, tournaments with prodigious feasting and merrymaking, which were immensely popular.

Maeve sent a wealthy Connaught farmer, called Crundchu, to represent her at the meeting, and all went well while Conor's horses carried all before them and won all the prizes.

"My wife at home can run swifter than any of the King's horses," scoffed Crundchu, who had evidently taken too much strong ale or lost money on the races.

Conor's "Gestapo" carried these strange words to the King and Maeve's Connaught farmer was dragged before him.

Macha, the beautiful young wife of Crundchu, clad in a mantle of green and yellow clasped over her full breasts with a golden brooch, her golden hair plaited in six tresses, at the end of each of which was a little ball of gold, accepted the King of Ulster's challenge, and in spite of her condition easily beat his horse in the race

" It 's true," Crundchu asserted boldly. " My wife Macha can outstrip any horse in Ulster in a half-mile race."

Conor's face grew purple with rage. " Hold this man," he bellowed to his guards, " until his wife be brought. We 'll match her against my best horse."

" But—but—my wife expects a baby any hour," stammered Crundchu in protest. Nobody listened to him. The prospect of such a novel race amused both Conor and the spectators.

MACHA was brought to Conor. She was a young woman of great beauty, clad in a mantle of green and yellow clasped over her full breasts with a golden brooch. Her golden hair, plaited in six tresses, fell below her knees, and at the end of each tress was a little ball of gold. Her fingers were white and long; her ankles and feet slim and white as the foam of the ocean.

" Wait until my child is born," Macha implored Conor, falling to her knees.

The King of Ulster took in the situation at a glance. " Hew this man to pieces for misleading us," he cried, turning to the guard and pointing to Crundchu.

" Spare him. A mother has borne each of you," wept Macha.

" I 'll spare him if you win this race," roared Conor.

" Bring up your best horse then," said Macha proudly when she saw it was the only way out.

In spite of her grave handicap she easily beat the King of Ulster's horse.

WHEN the race was over, the high-spirited Macha gave birth to twins and, for Conor's cruelty, laid a curse on Ulster, called by mythologists " The Curse of Macha."

As curses and spells were everyday occurrences in Ireland nobody paid any heed to them. On the whole, a distasteful story and a poor commentary on King Conor of Ulster's idea of fair play and his reputation as a sportsman. The influence of the Glory That Was Greece and her Olympic games had not yet reached Ireland.

When Queen Maeve heard what Conor had done to her deputy her long pale face grew black as thunder; she tore masses of her hair which was as yellow as ripe corn and flung it on the ground. " War on Ulster ! " she declared.

Conor's reply was to slip over the border with a hundred men and " rustle " as many of her cattle as he could lay his hands on, for food was running short. The King of Ulster led his men and bellowed defiance at Queen Maeve from behind bushes at a ford on the banks of the River Shannon.

MAEVE sat gloomily in her tent stooped over a game of chess with Ket the Mighty, Champion Slinger of Connaught. The chessmen were polished a dull yellow, made from the tibia of Conor's dead warriors. Ket was a brawny young soldier of thirty with fair hair and keen blue eyes. Their minds were not on the game, but on how to get their own back on King Conor for his treatment of Macha.

" That mad bull Conor still bellows over the river at us," muttered Maeve, " every day at the same time and the same place. He 's up to mischief."

Queen Maeve lifted her eyes from the chess-board and looked at Ket thoughtfully. " You 're the best slinger in Connaught. Any chance of a shot at him ? "

" I 'm watching him," said Ket. " He 's massing a thousand men behind the trees on the far bank of the river, ready for a surprise."

Maeve lifted her eyes from the board and looked at Ket thoughtfully, " You 're the best slinger in Connaught. Any chance of a shot at him ? "

Careless shrieks of laughter came from the river. The three beautiful girls, Etain, Deirdre and Deoca, were running in and out of the water in the wildest spirits. Ket, his sling ready, stood waiting on his side of the river

" He never shows himself ; he 's too clever. We hear his voice, but I can't get him into range. If only he 'd put his weasel's face through the bush for one minute," groaned Ket, " and I had my sling ready. Your move, I think."

" His face through the bush," repeated Maeve, staring at the chess-board. " How can we tempt him ? "

Ket shook his head sadly.

Queen Maeve stayed silent for so long that Ket thought she had fallen asleep. " How are men tempted ? " she went on at last. " Money ? Wine ? Women ? "

Again Ket shook his head despondently. " No use to a man like Conor," he said,

" although I have heard he has a roving eye for a lovely young woman."

" How far are those bushes from the river ? " asked Maeve.

" Twenty-five yards, perhaps more," said Ket. " Why ? "

" You don't usually miss at that distance, Ket the Mighty ? "

" Never. But—as I said——"

" Send Etain to me, and Deirdre, and —yes—the very girl—Deoca, my three gentle and lovely maids. Deoca has rather a voluptuous figure and strips well ; Etain's eyes are sweet and pure and as blue as a hyacinth ; Deirdre's lips are crimson and delicate ; Deoca has high, soft white shoulders."

" What do you mean ? " asked the stupefied Ket.

" I 'll explain later. Go back to that bush, Ket. Measure carefully the distance from bank to bank of the river and get it well into your head. Then a little secret practice with the sling should make you perfect. Conor is going to show his face from that bush. Be ready with your ' brain-ball.' Tell the maids to come to me at once."

Ket did not understand Maeve's plan but he obeyed orders. When he had the distance from bank to bank in his mind to a half-inch he went to a glade in the wood with a barrel of apples and nailed one to a tree. He smashed apples continually with his sling stones until he was so good he never missed.

A FEW days later King Conor of Ulster was inspecting the ford of the River Shannon where he hoped to cross and invade Connaught. He noticed his soldiers looked sheepish and self-conscious when he approached.

" What' s the matter with the men ? " he asked a captain sharply.

" Some girls of Maeve's are bathing naked in the stream," said the captain.

" Naked ? "

" Yes, sire. The men spotted them and can't take their eyes away they 're so lovely."

" They must think we 've gone mad," cried Conor, wondering.

" Listen, sire. You can hear the fools giggling."

" Back there, you men," ordered Conor.

Careless shrieks of laughter came from the river. Etain, Deirdre and Deoca, girls of twenty, were splashing to their heart's content like children and singing any nonsense that came into their heads. They chased one another to the banks and ran in and out of the water in the wildest spirits.

Conor, his eyes drowsy, eagerly watched the girls from behind the bush. He could see their arms were round and as white as an hour's fall of snow on a March morning. When they laughed, how white and even were their teeth. He had never seen such round, firm, white knees, or such smooth and white skin. The tense Ket, his sling ready, stood waiting on his side of the river. He knew he must not miss. All their lives were at stake.

Suddenly the maids darted from the water like frightened otters and rushed for cover into the wood. Conor's eyes followed them, wistfully hoping they would reappear. He could still hear their light chatter. Etain showed herself for a brief tantalising second, then disappeared again. She peeped out prettily, saw the coast was clear, and beckoned for the others to come. They hesitated.

The panting Conor could contain himself no longer. He parted the bushes to get a clearer view and peered anxiously for Deirdre and Deoca.

Ket the Mighty whirled his sling. The stone " brain-ball " pinged through the air humming like a bee and crashed Conor between the eyes. The King of Ulster fell back groaning.

Ket and the girls, their work done, grabbed their mantles briskly, mounted their horses and rode away like the wind to Queen Maeve of Connaught.

The insult to Crundchu and Macha was avenged. [END]

The stone " brain-ball " pinged through the air and crashed the King of Ulster between the eyes. He fell back groaning

Severn Sea . . .

England's Western Gateway

By C. Fox Smith

THE earliest recorded voyage on the waters of what we now know as the Bristol Channel took place —or so at least we are told—long before Bristol itself had even begun to exist.

The voyager was an early Christian missionary, Saint Decuman by name; and the story goes that he crossed over from the coast of Wales to the coast of Somerset on a bundle of reeds, accompanied by a faithful cow which provided him with sustenance during the perilous crossing. History records not how long this daring saintly Columbus took on his passage; but that he did at last arrive and his cow with him, is it not proved beyond question by the carving of the saint and his cow on the tower of the church at Watchet that bears his name? Likely enough the boat of reeds was a coracle; even so, a cow must have been an awkward passenger in so frail a craft.

Since then the Severn Sea has seen many voyagers and many ships come and go, and has known, too, more than one change of name. There were, of course, the Norsemen, whose names linger in so many places—at Bloody Corner and the Hubbastone, where their king fell in desperate battle near Bideford—at Grassholm and Skomer and Skokholm, off the wild Pembroke coast—and the Langford Grounds off Clevedon, which may well recall the time when the Severn Sea was the Long Fiord. Later, and up to the sixteenth century, it was known as the Severn Sea, and it was not until Waghaener, the great cartographer, named it in his first book of charts the "Canael de Brustu," that its title of Bristol Channel came first into existence.

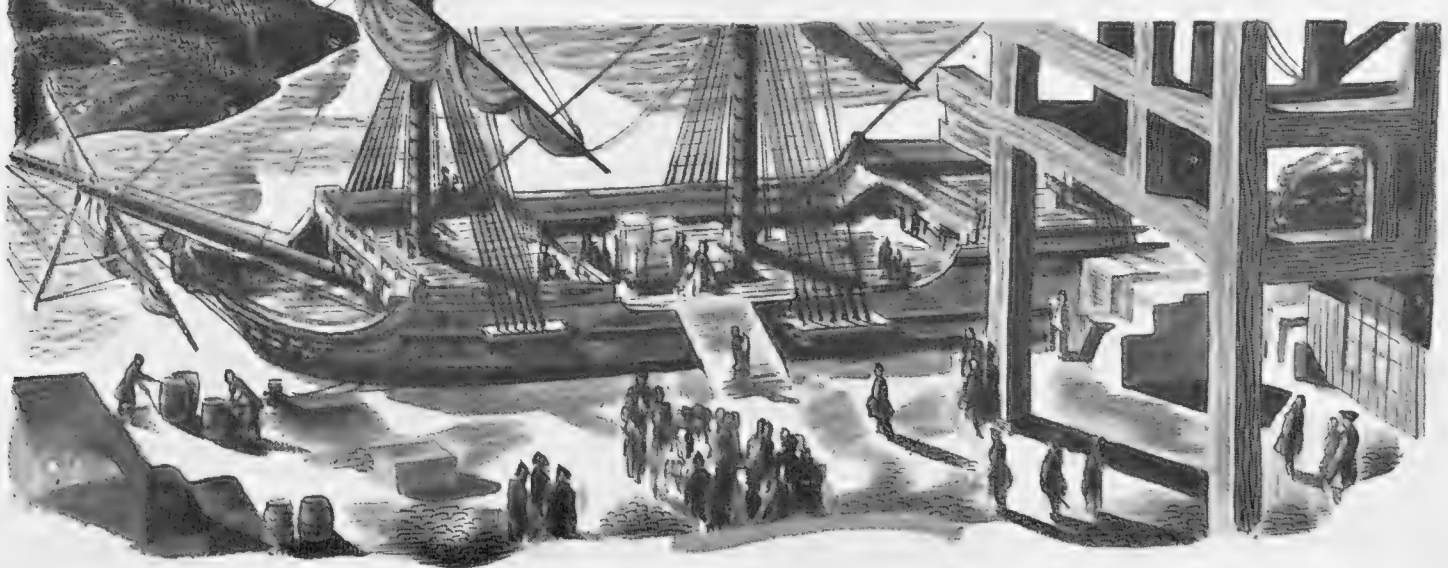
LONG before that time, however, Bristol had been sending forth ships and men against the King's enemies, to fight side by side with those of the Cinque Ports and Yarmouth, of London and Fowey and Looe, in the battles of the fourteenth century which marked the first dawning of British sea power. Small vessels they were, these cogs and balingers and barges, which put forth with their rolling rounded hulls and their streaming pennons and bellying painted sails to Edward III's long wars with France; but their names sing in the memory like a snatch of a ballad—*Trinity, Katerine, Saint Mary, Godebiete, Elyanore*—and on more than one occasion they rendered good account of themselves. Those were rough wild days, both by land and sea, days when the prevailing law was that "he might take who had the power and he might keep who can," and the Severn Sea held many perils, as well as the usual ones of wind and weather.

There were, for example, the lawless Mariscoes of Lundy, who, so tradition asserts, were connected by marriage with the House of Plantagenet, but had forfeited their rights and their estates by their violent and turbulent ways. But in days like those and in such a place as Lundy it was an easier matter to issue a decree of forfeiture than to carry it into effect. So the Mariscoes just sat tight, and defied the King's ships and the King's men to evict them from their stronghold. They levied blackmail on the passing shipping at their own sweet will for a century or two, until the last of them came (one surmises) to the sticky finish that usually awaits his kind, and left his deserted castle to fall slowly into ruin to the music of the sea winds and the ceaseless crying of seabirds.

One Captain Salkeld—a Scot by his name—was the next to take over the goodwill of Lundy, and exploit it in the traditional fashion. After him came a squadron of Sallee rovers, and later a succession of privateers, Spanish and French, of whom no trace remains except—perhaps—some of the noticeably swarthy fishermen and dark-eyed beauties to be met with now and then on the coast of North Devon.

All through the stirring years of the eighteenth century, Bristol was a rare town for adventurous youth, and notices such as these were of everyday occurrence.

On a Four Months Cruise
The famous *TYGER*
PRIVATEER
Burthen about Five Hundred and Seventy Tons. Carries 26 Nine Pounders, 10 Four Pounders and 280 men. John Neilstone, (*Continued on page* 64)



CRICKET

"BUT do you realize," Carstairs Whinburne demanded, "that practically all the officers on board this ship are married men?"

"Of course," said the cynical Colonel. "Only married men stand a chance in a ship-board flirtation. The technique, you know, is to tell the girl that your wife has never really understood you."

The Senior Matron, who was enjoying her third after-luncheon cup of tea, chipped in.

"Oh," she said, "but there's a far better gambit than that. You gaze at the girl for a long time and then you say, 'You know, it's the most extraordinary thing, but you remind me so terribly strongly of my wife.' Perhaps you've tried that one, Captain Whinburne?"

Carstairs Whinburne shook his head.

"You must rule me out, I'm afraid," he observed. "I have the misfortune to be a bachelor."

"Never mind," said the Colonel. "You could always pretend that you were married, couldn't you?"

"Now, there's a good idea," said the Senior Matron. "Think what you would like your wife to look like and pick the nearest approach you can find on board."

"I suppose," Carstairs admitted, "that each one of us, so far as women are concerned, has his ideal."

"What about the dashing blonde in the red trousers?" the Colonel suggested. "The one who sang 'I'll Walk Beside You' at the concert the other night. Now there's an ideal for any man."

Carstairs Whinburne shuddered.

The blonde in red trousers was not the kind of girl whom he would have cared to introduce to his mother.

His eyes travelled slowly round the crowded lounge.

"I must say," he began rather loftily, "I've several times found it in my heart to be rather sorry for that little girl sitting by herself over there beside the bookcase. The nursing sister—Mavis Ash, isn't it? The one who is always pretending to be writing something. She's got rather nice eyes, poor little thing."

"Very nice eyes," the Colonel corrected.

"One feels, you know," Carstairs continued, "that this perpetual scribbling is a kind of smoke-screen. To cover up the fact that no one ever talks to her."

"I talk to her," the Colonel observed, "but that, of course, doesn't count."

"No, of course not," Carstairs

BECAUSE one of his regular bridge four had retired to the sick bay, Carstairs Whinburne one afternoon approached Mavis Ash in the lounge and politely inquired whether he might sit down beside her

Even If Incapable Of Playing The Game, Women Should, Felt Captain Whinburne, Make An Effort To Master The Rules

By Ralph Arnold

Illustrations by M. Mackinlay

agreed. "I mean, I expect that the other girls boast a good deal about their conquests. In their cabins at night, and so on. Women aren't very kind to one another, are they?"

"Women aren't always very kind to men," the Senior Matron suggested. "But then, Captain Whinburne, you'll know a great deal more about women than I do."

"Well, of course," Carstairs Whinburne admitted, "one does live and learn, you know."

"I think it would be a very kindly action," the Colonel said, "if you brought a little sunshine into Mavis Ash's life. Try out the matron's technique, with a dash of mine thrown in—and see how it works."

Carstairs Whinburne promised very solemnly that he would, excusing himself for the moment on the score that he was due to play bridge; whereupon the Colonel retired to his cabin for forty winks and the Senior Matron played *vingt-et-un* with six members of the ENSA touring company.

LIFE on board ship went on as usual.

People who had been prostrated with seasickness for the first week of the voyage quavered down to the saloon under their own steam. Optimistic officers put on tropical kit and caught the most prodigious colds. The first-class passengers sat on the boat deck, perched on stacked-up rafts, and watched the naval ratings doing P.T., noting that their bell-bottomed trousers were invariably held up by blue webbing belts rather touchingly embroidered with stitched tributes either to "Mum" or to their best girls by name. The nursing sisters, Mavis Ash among them, appeared in spotless white dresses, the Wrens in white blouses. The ENSA company gave several performances for the benefit of the other ranks, who led their own detached, teeming, uncomfortable but apparently cheerful existence between decks. The ship's loudspeaker system blared out incessant notices and orders, sandwiched between B.B.C. news bulletins from London. Although the U-boat menace was a thing of the past, there was still a certain amount of danger from floating mines, and the careless voyagers who had used their life-belts as cushions and had subsequently mislaid them received severe reprimands at the daily muster stations parades.

Because he was a reliable young man, and because one of his regular bridge four had retired to the sick bay with suspected dysentry, Carstairs Whinburne one afternoon approached Mavis Ash in the lounge and politely inquired whether he might sit down beside her.

"Of course," Mavis Ash replied, bundling her writing-pad on to the nearest table.

She smiled at Carstairs encouragingly.

Really, he decided, her eyes were quite unusually attractive, and she had a charming voice.

Just the kind of girl of whom his mother would thoroughly approve. Voices, she always said, were so important.

He wasted no time in getting to the point.

"You know," he said, "your eyes remind me so very strongly of my wife's. That is why I decided to come over and talk to you."

"And, except for the eyes," Mavis Ash said, "I expect that she's quite different?"

"Well, rather different," Carstairs admitted. "Taller, you know, and so on."

"More striking-looking?" Mavis Ash suggested.

"I suppose you would say so." Carstairs Whinburne considered the question carefully. "Yes, I suppose that you would say that she is more striking."

"What's her hair like?" Mavis asked.

"Black," Carstairs said.

"Very black?"

"Jet black."

"Now, that's most unusual," Mavis said. "Brown eyes with jet black hair. Perhaps she has some Spanish blood. Does she come from Cornwall?"

Carstairs nodded.

"I come from Cornwall, too," Mavis announced. "Where was your wife's home?"

Carstairs wished that it had been one of the Home Counties. He was not well versed in Cornish geography.

He took a plunge.

"Bideford," he said.

Mavis nodded.

"And what's her favourite colour?" she demanded.

"Black," Carstairs said. "I always think, don't you, that women—women with a presence—look their best in black. With pearls, of course."

"Always supposing," Mavis observed, "that they have the pearls."

"Of course," Carstairs agreed.

"And does she," Mavis asked, "really understand you?"

Carstairs lit a cigarette.

"That's hard to say," he replied. "I sometimes think that she doesn't quite appreciate how highly strung I am. As a matter of fact, I'm frightfully highly strung. It's only rigid self-control that prevents my showing it. I remember once, when I was about ten or eleven——"

Mavis interrupted this enthralling topic.

"My husband," she announced, "is inclined to be highly strung, too."

This statement threw Carstairs completely off his balance.

"Your husband?" he demanded. "But you're not married, are you? The Senior Matron never told me that you were married."

"She doesn't know," Mavis explained. "If she did, I might not have been allowed to serve overseas. That's why I don't wear a wedding ring."

She held up her hands.

Most attractive hands, Carstairs noticed.

"Tell me," Carstairs asked. "What is your husband like?"

Mavis submitted Captain Whinburne to a long and candid scrutiny.

"Well," she said, "the strange thing is that he is really very like you. I noticed it at once, the first time I set eyes on you. He's a bit taller, I think. A bit bigger made all round. And his hair has more of a wave in it. But in all, you two are very alike. He's done rather well in this war—he's a lieutenant-colonel."

Carstairs was puzzled, but intrigued.

"And does he," he demanded, "really understand you?"

"Now that," Mavis said, "is a question that you must never ask a married woman about her husband."

THREE days later, Carstairs Whinburne came into the lounge. He had spent two hours talking to Mavis on the boat deck, for the second evening in succession, and his mind was in a whirl.

Was he justified in pursuing a friendship, albeit—and that went without saying—a platonic friendship, with a married woman?

Under what circumstances would it be permissable for an ex-public school boy, an officer and a gentleman, to attempt to alienate this wonderful girl's affections from a man who, for all her loyal protestations—and he admired her for that—was, he felt certain, basically unworthy of her?

If he saved her life?

Such an opportunity, at this stage of the war at sea, seemed remote.

If, by some feat of outstanding gallantry in the face of the Japanese, he proved himself to be the better man?

But Mavis's husband had already, as she had proudly told him, won both the D.S.O. and the M.C. with the B.L.A.; and the staff captaincy at a South-East Asia headquarters, for which he himself was destined, would hardly offer much scope in that direction.

If, falling a victim to his superior charms and sensibility, she was forced against her will to an admission that she loved him, Carstairs, passionately and exclusively, and could not contemplate life without him?

Really, it was very difficult. And one had the definite obligation to play the game so far as the gallant and absent lieutenant-colonel was concerned.

Life, as his old housemaster had been fond of saying, should be conducted, as far as possible, on the lines of a game of cricket.

Observing the Colonel and the Senior Matron at the further end of the room, Carstairs determined to seek their advice.

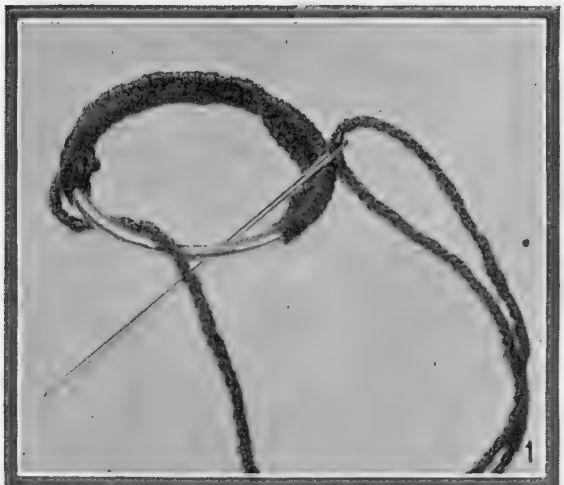
After all, they had both had a wide experience of the world.

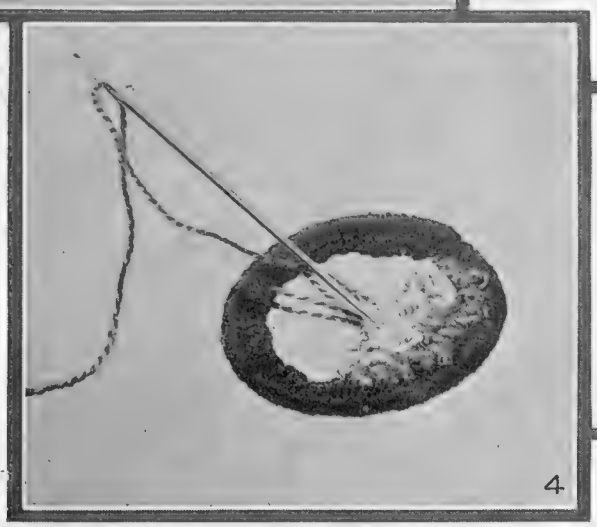
Posing the problem as one involving his elder brother and a young married woman in the WRNS, Carstairs laid his cards on the table without reserve.

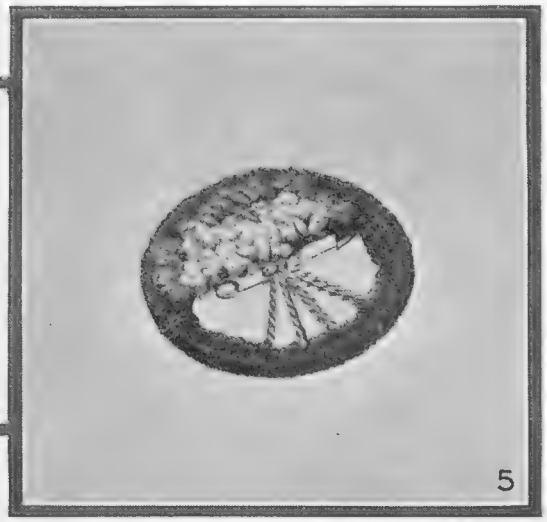
His audience listened with commendable patience.

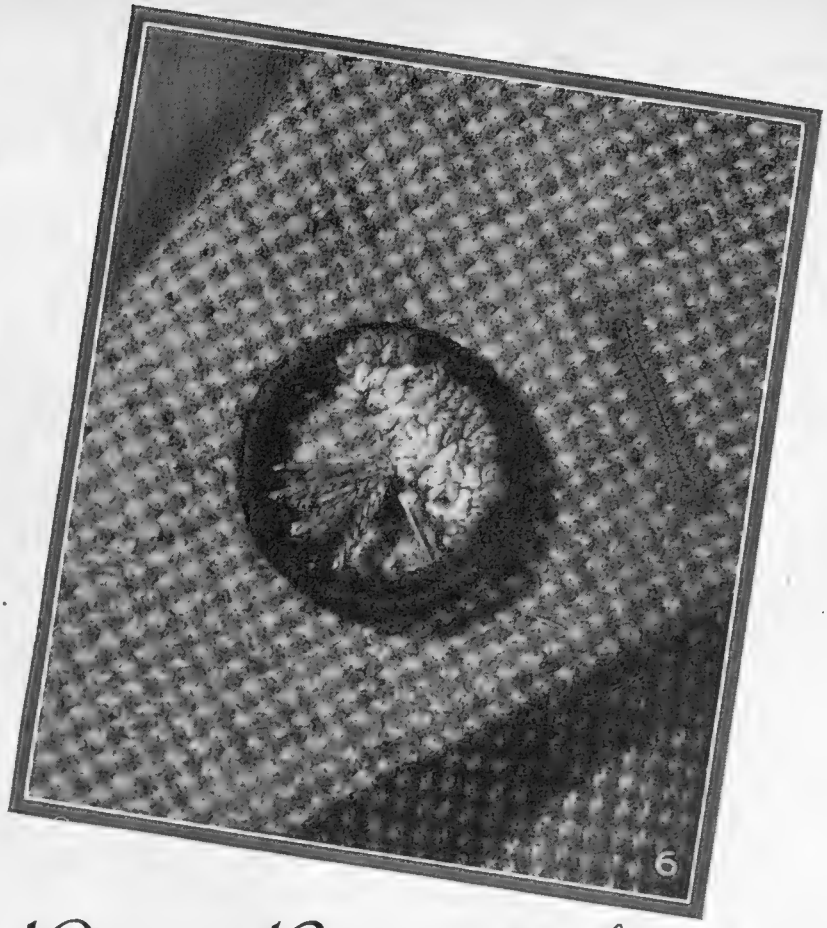
(*Continued on page 62*)

OBSERVING the Colonel and the Senior Matron at the farther end of the room, Carstairs determined to seek their advice









Posy Buttonholes

How To Make Some Charming Easter "Eggs"

Here is a delightful idea for an Easter "egg." Procure some brass curtain rings 1½ ins. in diameter.

1. Buttonhole round the ring with wool or silk. It is advisable to have a strand of wool long enough to cover the whole ring, as it is difficult to join neatly.

2. Fill in *half* the ring with strands of wool taken across and across. Then take a few strands across these, as though darning.

3. On this foundation, make french knots in silks of any colour or combination of colours, as fancy dictates, to represent a bunch of flowers.

4. From the middle of the bunch, take several strands of green silk to the lower edge of the ring to represent stalks. Leave a long enough length of silk to

5. Stitch a small gilt safety-pin to the back of the buttonhole.

6. The finished posy on the lapel of a coat.

Any odd lengths of wool or silk can be used. The colours can be chosen with due respect to the taste of the recipient.

For a sale of work, stitch a dozen posies to a piece of white card. This gives a professional touch, and shows off the posies to advantage.

On Compassionate Grounds

TO the dispassionate observer it hardly seemed unreasonable that the Colonel should have probed deeply into the personal affairs of Lieutenant J. McAlpine Aggs. But to J. McAlpine Aggs, who at that moment was manifestly incapable of a dispassionate observation, it seemed the height of indelicacy, and—he used the word himself with some emphasis—of impertinence.

Indeed, J. McAlpine Aggs was so preoccupied with his own outraged sensibilities that he was in danger of forgetting the reason for the Colonel's inquiries. He had certainly forgotten completely that he himself had been trying to bluff the Colonel. But these lapses may be excused when it is remembered that J. McAlpine Aggs possessed the youthful and inestimable virtue of loving his wife to distraction.

It was, of course, this very virtue which had caused him to use the most questionable means in pursuit of his end. Had there been legitimate means for achieving this same end he would naturally have employed them. But after only eighteen months in India, neither devotion to his wife nor distaste for his surroundings could be considered justifiable cause for compassionate leave in England. It was therefore borne in upon J. McAlpine Aggs that he must apply to himself a set of circumstances that would justify this enviable treatment.

He appeared before the Colonel forthwith. By the exercise of great self-control he was able to hide his satisfaction at having solved his problem so ingeniously, and no jauntiness betrayed the shallow nature of his pathos. He launched his story with great histrionic talent, noting the Colonel's attentiveness. But then the first part of his story was strictly within the limits of truth; for although he painted a passionate picture, it would have been impossible to exaggerate his devotion to his wife.

Later on truth was cast shamelessly aside, whilst passion continued into battle single-handed. It was a woeful tale. Reading between the lines of his wife's letters, J. McAlpine Aggs explained he had learnt the folly of the proverb about the effect of absence on the heart. A few months ago his wife's written endearments had taken on an artificial ring. He had tested them on his tongue, as one tests coins on a counter, and found them counterfeit. Then the shadow of another person had passed across her pages—the shadow of another man. He even ventured to say the shadow of a lover. A happy home was trembling on the brink of disaster. Only his own physical presence could prevent the cataclysm that would shatter the very structure of their lives.

Here he paused, aware that his eloquence was giving way to clichés. He had been sincerely moved by his own words; and now the Colonel's bowed head gave him a premonition of success. He waited tensely. A whole minute went by. Then the Colonel looked up.

"I'm sorry to hear this, Aggs," he said heavily. "Very sorry. But I'm afraid I must ask for something more concrete."

"Concrete?" J. McAlpine Aggs repeated with a hint of dismay.

"I must see some evidence. I am very sorry to have to request this—but I must see the letters," insisted the Colonel.

"The letters?" said J. McAlpine Aggs.

"The letters."

"But you see, sir . . ."

For a minute he was stuck. It was not at once that it occurred to him to be outraged by the Colonel's desire to see his private correspondence; he was fully engaged, at the moment, wondering if the amorous outpourings of his wife might be read by another person as "artificial" or "counterfeit." He decided not. Quite definitely not.

"You see, sir—they so *hurt* me that I tore them up."

"But she still writes?"

Illustrations by Steven Spurrier, A.R.A.

Lieut. J. McAlpine Aggs Was Very Much In Love With His Wife, And Eighteen Months In India Away From Her Was More Than He Could Stomach

By Richard Mason

"Sometimes, sir. More infrequently now, of course."

"Then you will be able to show me the next one. Meanwhile, you had better find out the name of the man. You quite appreciate, Aggs, I must have something to go on. I can't give compassionate leave indiscriminately. You must get me details. Your wife can write to me directly, if she likes."

"By that time it will probably be too late," J. McAlpine Aggs protested feebly. And miserably he brought out another cliché: "It may be a matter of life or death, sir."

"I think you're jumping to conclusions," the Colonel said, growing slightly restless. "You must think it over. Are you sure you're not letting the climate get you down, Aggs? A month in the hills might make you feel different about the whole thing. If you'd like that instead, you may take your year's entitlement of leave."

"I'll think it over, sir."

FOR the first five minutes after he had saluted himself from the Colonel's presence, he peered wretchedly down the vista of the two and a half years that lay ahead of him: the forbidding Indian heat; hundreds of square miles of brazen desert; sleeping under stifling mosquito nets; scorpions and snakes and Colonels and dirty bazaars—and no Angela. No Angela for thirty months. Thirty months! It was at the thought of this that his anger rose and blinded him. The unfeeling brute of a Colonel! Supposing his story *had* been true—what right had the Colonel to send a family to ruin? As for asking to see his personal letters, it was monstrous impertinence, crowned only by his suggestion that Angela should write to him direct.

It was with these incensed thoughts that J. McAlpine Aggs, wildly denouncing all those who stood up for the Colonel, occupied himself for the ensuing twenty-four hours. After that his anger waned, leaving a vacancy in his mind for the consideration of a plan which he had previously rejected as being "altogether too big a proposition." By "big" he had

AT that point the Colonel picked up from his desk a letter written on notepaper with which J. McAlpine Aggs was perfectly familiar

J. McALPINE AGGS, whilst listening with misgivings to the pilot's proposal, had, nevertheless, taken the precaution of administering whisky to the pilot in generous proportions

meant "risky." Now he was in a rebellious frame of mind that enabled him to ignore those risks which had hitherto deterred him.

The project, in short, was that J. McAlpine Aggs should "jump" a Dakota aircraft on the airfield at Karachi, fly to England, and return again within a month. This expedition was to coincide with a period of leave granted to him to spend in India. The suggestion had come originally from no less an authority than the pilot of a Dakota making this very trip; and it had been supported by assurances that more than one home-sick soldier had taken illicit leave in England in this way, and returned without discovery.

J. McAlpine Aggs, whilst listening with misgivings to this specious proposal, had nevertheless taken the precaution of administering whisky to the pilot in generous proportions; for the chance meeting took place in the bar of a hotel in Agra, where they were both spending the evening. Given this alcoholic stimulus, their friendship burgeoned within the space of a few hours, and they parted with each other's addresses in the pockets of their bush-shirts.

It was the Colonel's spontaneous offer of a month's leave in the hills that reminded J. McAlpine Aggs of this meeting with the pilot. He at once set about searching through his drawers for the address, and having found it, dashed off a note to Karachi, referring in veiled terms to "a certain proposition" made in the Palace Hotel, Agra, and asking whether this plan might still be put into operation. A reply came after a fortnight. It said simply: "Could you get down here on 5th of next month, and we'll probably be able to fix you up."

After that J. McAlpine Aggs paid another visit to the office of the Colonel. Here he delivered a carefully-prepared speech.

"That business of my wife that I was speaking about, sir. I think it was nothing more than my imagination. You know how it is when you're run down in this climate . . . you get these attacks of morbidity."

The Colonel became avuncular. He even rose from his chair and came right round the side of the long desk to pat J. McAlpine Aggs on the shoulder. He called him "My boy." He then granted him twenty-eight days leave exclusive of travelling time. The travelling time—since J. McAlpine Aggs had stated his intention of going to Darjeeling—amounted to two days in each direction. Four days in all. Twenty-eight and four was thirty-two. By a rapid calculation, J. McAlpine Aggs worked out that allowing for delays on the journey, he would have at least a fortnight in England.

He set out from Agra with certain trepidations. Going to Karachi, instead of Darjeeling, was easy enough; it was the unknown future beyond Karachi where trouble might lie in wait.

But then at Karachi everything seemed marvellously propitious. He had no difficulty at all in finding the pilot, and the bottle of whisky that he had brought with him immediately reaffirmed their friendship. The timing had been perfect, for the pilot himself was leaving for England on the following day—and taking a stow-away, he declared, was no more difficult than taking a box of matches in his pocket.

Nor was there any hitch on the airfield. Indeed, mixing with the other passengers who were proceeding lawfully to England on duty, J. McAlpine Aggs felt beautifully at ease. He passed the time of day with a brigadier; and whilst chatting inconsequentially upon Indian weather, he reflected with some elation that the larger one's crime, the easier it was to get away with it.

The trip itself, lasting four days from base to base, was entirely free from those moments of embarrassment that he had anticipated. In this service aircraft no one came round to collect tickets; and once installed, J. McAlpine Aggs received all those same amenities that were bestowed upon legitimate passengers. By the second day his sense of security was so pronounced, that had anyone questioned his right to be there he felt certain the brigadier himself would have risen in anger to defend him.

And then at last England was beneath him; the downs, the copses, the infinite greenness. He was unspeakably happy. And then the feeling of England under his feet! He gulped at the air, and in the breeze seemed to recognize already the perfume of Angela. He could scarcely suppress his excitement whilst his blameless baggage was inspected. He passed out of the customs shed on to a special bus, and from the bus on to a train. And here, an hour later, was London!

At the station he rushed to a telephone box. A number of small fears had assailed him: that Angela might be out, that she might be staying with relations in Scotland, that he might waste precious days finding her. That (*Continued on page 56*)

IN London they danced and dined and kissed in taxis as if this had been their honeymoon

MARCH HAIR

Styles for Young Girls, Easy To Do At Home

YOUNG girls at last out of uniform are going a little mad about hair-styles. And we don't blame them. No longer is there that distracting and obstructing cap, no more that decreed short cut or boring roll.

So, naturally, young fingers are itching to be twisting and cajoling tresses into new, feminine, exciting coifs.

There was never a time more propitious for experimenting, with new styles coming up all the time. We have just accustomed our fashion eye to the " quartern-loaf " topknot, when along comes the new back-interest idea, with hair brushed back flat, tight and smooth into a coil or a plait, or a bunch of Recamier curls (true or false, it doesn't matter), not on the nape, but at crown level.

Young girls still adore the gleaming shoulder-length page-boy. And it becomes them, but only them. They can, with a little ingenuity and practice, work out a round-the-clock hair-style routine, expressing an idea for every mood or activity, as the young model for our pictures shows.

The shoulder-length bob, smoothly swept across the brow, is simple and correct for the young girl. Brushing, brushing and brushing again is the secret of smooth, glistening and immaculate long hair. The unpardonable sin is raggedness. Perfect tapering—this is up to the hairdresser—gives the required under-turn at the ends. Discreet thinning ensures a smooth, shining cascade on the shoulders without the partings which separate into sections the hair that is too abundant.

For dates with glamour, a long dress and pretending to be twenty-five, she wears the chic and sophisticated quartern-loaf. This is achieved by brushing the hair vigorously upwards from the forehead and neck and tying it firmly on top close to the crown. The long ends are now back-combed, turned outwards and under.

The Grecian coil, sleek, flattering to the tender contours of young brows and necks and right in the present rhythm of fashion, is parted on the side, lightly brilliantined, brushed and brushed backwards from the temples and up from the nape of the neck. The ends are gathered together in a long coil which is twisted into a high chignon, and, voilà, Mademoiselle is her great-grandmother.

1. SCRAPED-BACK AND BRAIDED FOR SERIOUS SPORT

2. CLASSIC SWEPT-BACK LINES AS ON A GRECIAN COIN

3. SHINING SHOULDER-LENGTH CUT FOR OFFICE HOURS

4. UPWARD BRUSHING GIVES SLICKNESS TO THE QUARTERN-LOAF

Take A Good View . . .

And Make It Part Of Your Home

SOME people prefer to look out from their windows upon roofs and chimneys rather than upon trees and fields. It is equally true that there are people who can look out upon much pleasanter things if they wish and yet do very little looking out at all.

Partly, this is because builders and architects have not, in the past, been as lavish as they could have been with window-space. One would have thought, judging from the size and situation of the average window, that there was a conspiracy to prevent the occupants of the room from seeing out. Newer house designs do improve upon this state of affairs, however, though, having accustomed ourselves to disregard the relationship between the interior and the exterior décor, we are still inclined to under-estimate its possibilities as a combined force.

Whether your windows look out upon a pretty little garden or to a more extensive vista of trees and fields, it is a waste of beauty to veil the windows as if their function were to keep the view outside instead of bringing it in.

A view worth featuring asks for an arrangement of furniture specifically planned so that everything leads up, as it were, to the windows.

The grouping of the furniture should be such that whether you are eating, working, talking, relaxing, just going to sleep or just waking up, you are doing it in the company of your view.

If there is something good to look upon from your bedroom window, why not open your eyes in the morning so that they alight upon that first of all? It 's only a matter of furniture arrangement. Sitting at your dressing-table, doing your face, you can have a view to cheer and stimulate you. In one of the pictures below, the owner has secured these things together with the best light for her mirror, plus a delightful effect.

The sketch on the right of the page has been drawn as an example of good furniture grouping about windows that look out on a charming garden. This is essentially a summertime arrangement, of course. During the winter, the fireplace naturally becomes the focal-point.

Elaborate curtain treatments are, to some extent, a disadvantage when windows frame a view. If the eye is to travel beyond the window to the prospect outside, there should be nothing to distract it on the way. It is gilding the lily to use an attention-getting curtain arrangement in a room with a view. Much the same applies in the choice of colouring for decoration in rooms where the dominating feature is to be the windows and beyond. Bright colours and dramatic effects inside only draw attention from the natural beauty and colouring of the view beyond the windows.

In such cases it is as well to use the room as if it were the framing of the picture. Simple backgrounds and colourings which absorb and reflect the sun are the safest choice.

Similarly, flowery fabrics will compel attention for themselves, whereas plainer ones have as much beauty, if they are well chosen, without asserting themselves too much.

If you have good, big windows and good views, dramatise them and enjoy some of the advantages, without the discomforts, of living outdoors.

WINIFRED LEWIS

(1) A room lavishly endowed with window-space and with furniture carefully disposed to enhance the amenities of good lighting and good views. (2) Trees and lawns seem to be one with the room in this delightful setting. Colouring indoors has been deliberately muted to enhance the natural brilliance of nature's colouring beyond the windows. (3) A charming dressing-table, a good light to work in and a glorious view at the owner's right hand. (4) A white desk against the darker background of the curtains draws the eye to the window end of this very charming sitting-room and to the fresh greenery of trees outside.

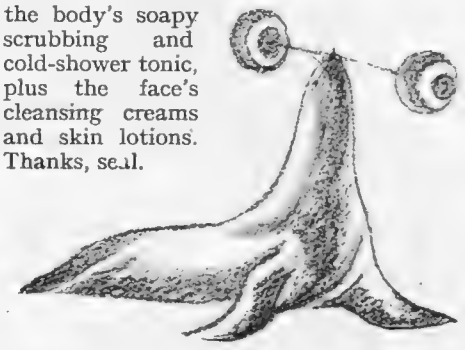
The acrobatic seal
Has a skin you love to feel,
And one secret will reveal
If you watch it have a meal.

WHAT does the keeper throw to the seal? Fish. What does the clown throw to the seal? Fish. That is secret number one that you can learn from the seal. Fish oils, and all sea foods, produce rich, soft fur. Your hair could do with a little of the same treatment in the way of Sea Greens (in tablet form) and fish oils—halibut or cod-liver—in capsule form.

There is another lesson in the seal's habits of diving, swimming and exercising. Skin cannot stay supple, smooth and beautiful unless it is clean, and for us that means pores grease-free and tissues serviced by a really active circulation.

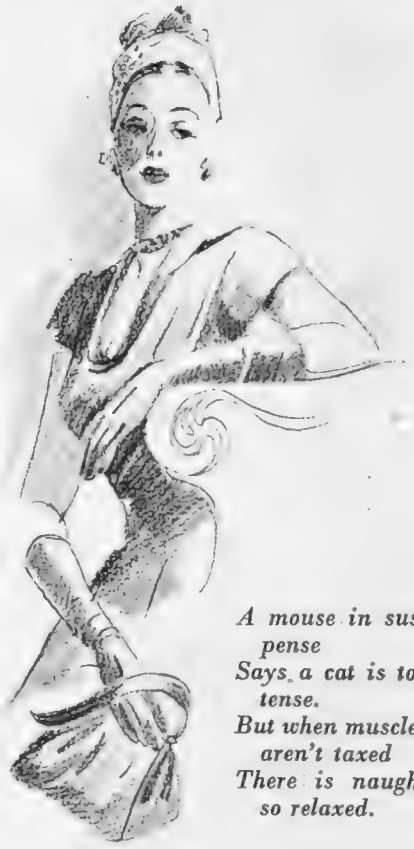
Hot water and soap is the best cleanser for the body, and a little cold water the best stimulant. That is why Turkish baths, with their hot, steeping soapy massage and cold shower, are so good for the skin. You can get a good substitute at home with a hot soaking, soapy scrubbing and cold shower. You can have a lovely skin until you are eighty if you make this your daily bathroom habit.

The same lesson applies to your neck and face. Your neck between face and body improves with a little of the body's soapy scrubbing and cold-shower tonic, plus the face's cleansing creams and skin lotions. Thanks, seal.



Zoo

When next to Whipsnade, Regent's
Don't feel so condescending to
They can teach you quite a little
We have summed up sev'ral



A mouse in suspense
Says a cat is too tense.
But when muscles aren't taxed
There is naught so relaxed.

The bear is such an awful bore
At those times when his head is sore.
But he betakes himself to bed
While you keep keeping on, instead.

A BEAR with a sore head retires to the depths of its cave. The result is that its associates are saved much unpleasantness and perhaps an unnecessary row, and the head is soon better.

Of course, there are exceptional circumstances when this behaviour is impossible for you to follow, but if it is humanly possible, do retire the minute you feel your headache starting.

Take your pet sedative and lie down, your eyes covered with pads soaked in eye lotion. If you do it soon enough, you may manage to remedy the ache and relax your nerves in half an hour, but if you wait it may develop into a whole-day session.

If you were really ill, everything would have to wait while they rushed you to hospital, so don't say you must keep going. Make it an emergency action—leave everything and rest.

Food must be collected; children taken to school; all right. But do everything at half-speed, and avoid any rushing, any heavy foods, so that your body has as little extra exertion as possible.

Frequent headaches may be caused by nerves—take a course of Vitamin B pills. If they follow a visit to the cinema or after reading an enthralling novel, then you can be fairly certain that your eyes need attention, and take the usual care. Don't work in a bad light, sew dark fabrics at night, read in bed, read bad print. Do eye exercises, bathe your eyes with a good lotion, and if the condition does not improve, go to an eye specialist.

IF you feel a spot coming—and apologies to the leopard for aligning his magnificent markings with those awful blemishes we get on our faces occasionally—do not tamper with it. Put a small piece of pink sticking-plaster over the previously-sterilised spot and forget it. This hides the spot, prevents it from spreading, and the blemish should shortly dry up and disappear. Spots are self-infectious. Press one and, although it may clear, you will usually find another popping up near by. A dab of disinfectant, a complete cover, and you may hope for it to clear.

Another danger with tampering is that a spot which has been picked and pummelled frequently becomes a permanent blemish.

There is a serum treatment said to be excellent for acne. If you have a constant series of spots it may be worth your while to try it. Then there are all the health rules that make for internal cleanliness; the glass of hot water on rising, the salads and fruits and roughage foods, the need for perfect daily elimination. The leopard is just a challenge; in this case *you* can change *your* spots.

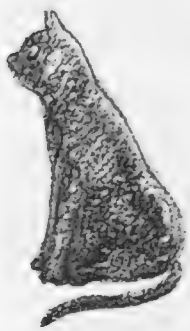
Logic

Park or some fine Zoo you go,
the creatures there on show.
as you wander past their cages:
lessons on these two Zoo-logic pages.

THE mouse is quite correct. There is nothing more tensely agile than a cat on the hunt, just as there is nothing more relaxed than a cat sleeping in the sun or by the fire. We tense ourselves so grimly for whatever we want that we forget all about relaxation, even when tense effort is unnecessary.

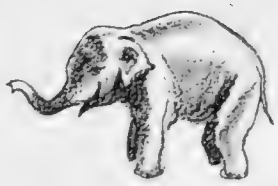
The secret of physical and mental power is the ability to relax mentally and physically at intervals. The boxer, the runner, the tennis champion will throw themselves into an attitude of complete relaxation between bouts, heats and games.

If you are going out to a party, an interview, a meeting at which you want to be in complete command of your powers, have a fifteen-minute rest beforehand. Lie on your bed. Shut your eyes. Let every tiny muscle from your crown to your toes be jelly. You should feel that you are sinking through the bed, as though your muscles are uncoupled.



After a short while you will rise feeling vital, with a command of your mind and muscles which will give you perfect poise and power.

A leopard doesn't try to change its spots—and nor should you.
If you 've a spot, don't fiddle, it 's the worst thing you can do.



Perhaps, unlike the elephant,
Your memory 's ill-famed.
But maybe your subconscious
Is the thing that should be blamed.

IF you find yourself worrying about whether you left on the gas or turned off the iron, it is time to take a course of Vitamin B pills for your nerves, and try to whittle down some of your daily duties. Don't get the idea that your memory is failing because you are over thirty, or forty or fifty.

Give your brain a rest; don't clutter it up with needless things. Make lists, and cross off items as you finish them. Then, as you feel more assured, start leaving things to your memory again.

The things you forget are usually the things you subconsciously want to forget. Shopping lists merely defy your mental disgust with household jobs. Of course, if you are fussed or excited about something, you cannot expect your mind to be free for a number of other things.

Have you ever forgotten the time, place, or day of an exciting outing? But there are very few women, or men for that matter, who have not forgotten dentist appointments frequently. That is not a bad memory; it is just a trick of the subconscious mind.

Don't start bemoaning your bad memory unless you begin to forget things which, consciously and subconsciously, you really want to remember.

The koala's fussy over food
Yet has a simple diet.
This programme seems to do him good,
I think that you should try it.

THE koala has a menu of one thing—a certain type of gum-tree leaves. I don't mean that we should eat leaves, but a basically simple diet is always rewarding.

Keep your meals to a one-dish plan, except on special occasions. But be sure that you vary the dish. If you have a starchy breakfast of cereal, toast or bread, then make your lunch a Vitamin C feast, with salad, fruit and vegetables, and your evening meal a protein special with meats, peas, beans, cheese, etc.

If the improved fruit-supply enables you to have a fruity breakfast—and you can add to this by tomatoes on toast when they are obtainable—then have your protein meal midday and your starchy meal at night.

It is better for the digestion to forgo the salad for the evening meal, unless you have it early and go to bed late.

A good bowl of thick vegetable soup can be your evening vegetable dish if you must arrange it that way. Thanks, koala.

A Timeless Day

Turn the clock's face to the wall, hide your watch, and for one full day throw off that constant bit-and-harness of your life . . . Time. Eat when you are hungry, get up when you are tired of being in bed, yield to everything that is time-wasting in the normal day.

Don't think—"I 've only a span of three-score-years-and-ten and I 'm wasting one day right now." You are not. You are giving yourself the most wonderful relaxation treat possible, apart from a far-away holiday.

One danger. You may feel like lying in bed and reading. Read if you like, but do not strain your eyes; let them have a holiday too.

Have as many cups of tea, or hot drinks, as you want. You may find you have your lunch at 11.30 a.m., or you may not feel like it until 3 p.m. If you spend this day properly, you will never know.

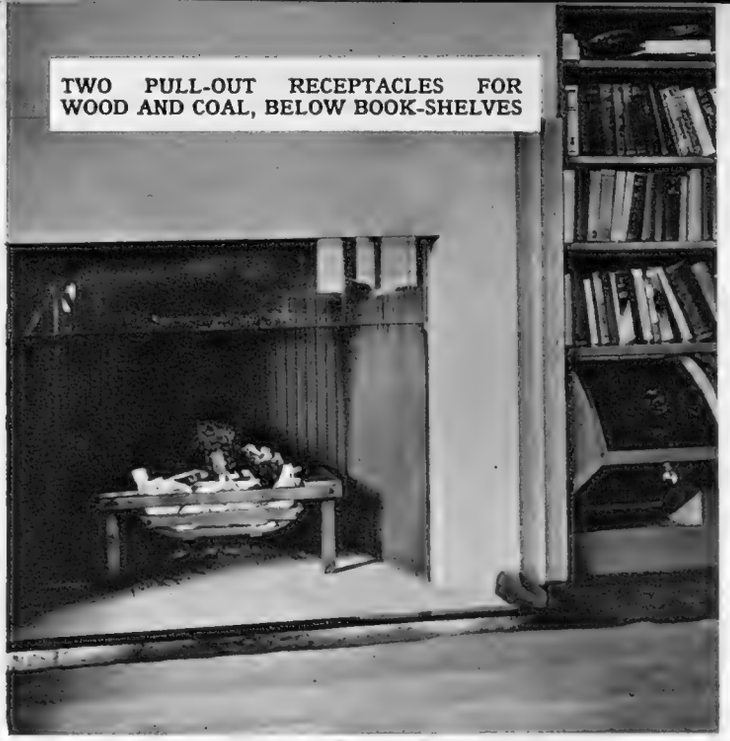
Laze, potter, fiddle, don't dress if you can't be bothered. Spend an hour in the bath or don't have a bath at all. And try not to hear a single time-hoot.

Go to bed when you are sleepy and, unless yours is a very obstinate case, you will wake in the morning fresh, energetic, revitalised.

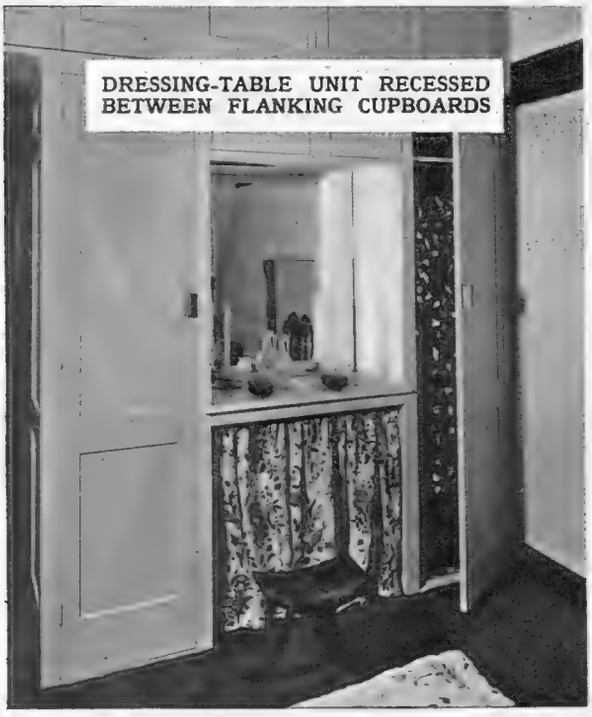
HEALTH & BEAUTY BY CHRYSIS

If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of anything mentioned in these pages, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

ROLL-UP CUPBOARD DOORS, SEEN RIGHT, ARE A SPACE-SAVING FEATURE OF NEW KITCHENS



TWO PULL-OUT RECEPTACLES FOR WOOD AND COAL, BELOW BOOK-SHELVES



DRESSING-TABLE UNIT RECESSED BETWEEN FLANKING CUPBOARDS

THEY WERE CLEVER ABOUT FITMENTS

IT is early yet to talk of house improvements and reconstructions, but ideas and plans are interesting when one is looking forward to the time, not too far distant now, when these exciting projects can be carried out.

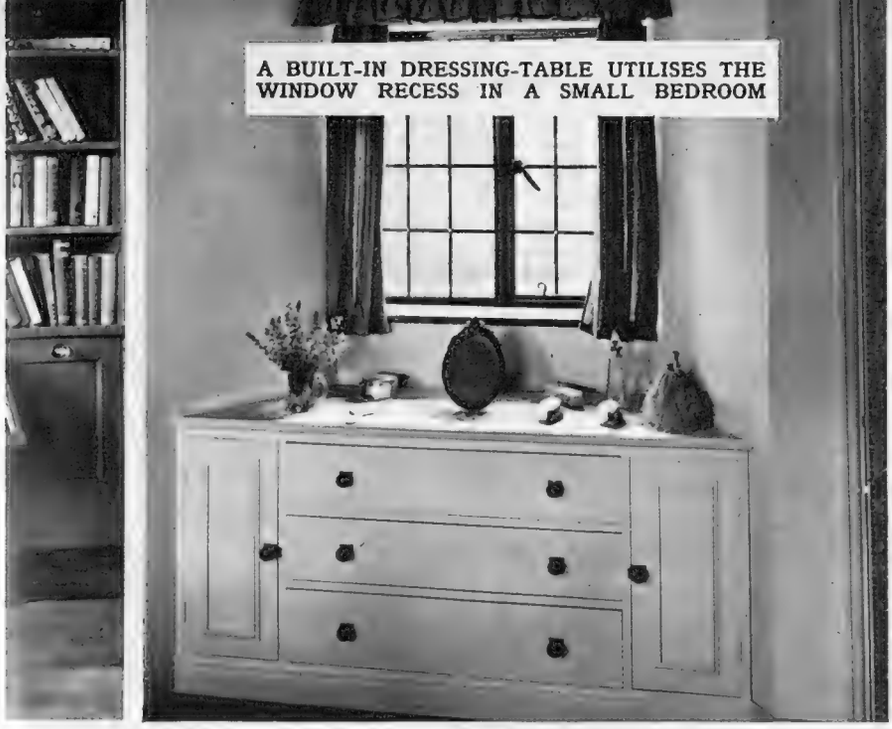
Even now, with men returning to the home and materials becoming all the time a little more plentiful, there are certain simple improvements that the handy amateur can do.

Cupboards are a preoccupation of every woman who is seeking to make neatness and efficiency a feature of the home, and built-in units, either for practical use or purely for decoration, promise to become more and more popular, especially while furniture of the more mobile kind is still expensive and hard to come by.

Pictures here show a pleasant and instructive collection of cupboards and fitments designed before the war for people with clever ideas about efficiency and beauty as a team. Some are simple enough for copying now, others are for putting away in the ideas file, to come out later. Roller cupboard doors are worth noting

AN OLD FIREPLACE RECESS RECONSTRUCTED TO MAKE A CUPBOARD

DOORS FRONT AND BACK OF THIS CUPBOARD GIVE ACCESS TO ROOMS EITHER SIDE

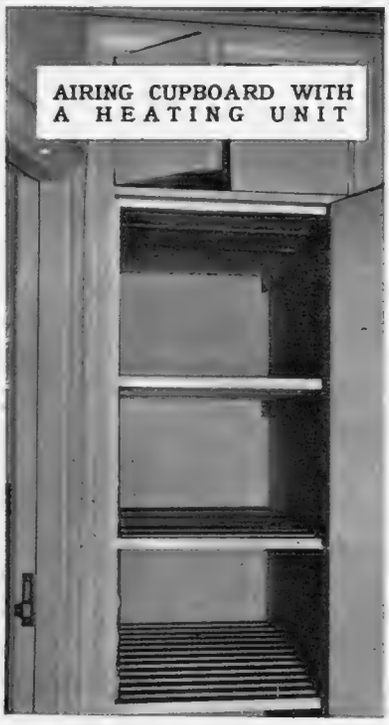


A BUILT-IN DRESSING-TABLE UTILISES THE WINDOW RECESS IN A SMALL BEDROOM

as a feature for small rooms, especially kitchens, where space is so precious that even doors which open out take up too much room. In America this idea has been in common use for some time, and is frequently used on kitchen-cabinet fittings. Every woman who has cracked her head on the swing-open doors of the cabinet will appreciate the usefulness of this simple device.

Shelves have entered a new phase of use and charm with the realisation that if they are well designed and balanced to fit in with the general décor, they can fill an important rôle. A good example of clever shelf-work is shown on right at the bottom of the page, where two shelves forming a bookcase have been so ingeniously placed in relation to the electric-fire below that the arrangement has become the focal-point of the room.

Decorated doors and shelves are a lot of fun to devise oneself, and add a delightful note of colour and originality in unexpected places.



AIRING CUPBOARD WITH A HEATING UNIT

NEAT BOOKSHELF GIVES BALANCE AND IMPORTANCE TO A SIMPLE ELECTRIC-FIRE

It Looks Like Glass

One of the important priorities of war was the manufacture of a new type of transparent, mouldable substance which looked like glass and had none of its fragility. There were many vital uses for this plastic production, but the most common was enclosing the look-outs of aeroplane fuselages—aeroplane windows, if you want to put it that way.

When this great demand for Perspex ceased, the manufacturers began to look around for other practical uses to which it could be put, and, in the experiments which followed, these proved to be many. To-day, the machines that were formerly turning out Perspex parts for bomber and fighter aeroplanes are working full time on the production of practical and charming innovations for the home.

For the moment these things are coming on to the market in a slow trickle; later they promise to become a flood.

The special characteristics of Perspex are its lightness of weight, its clear transparency and its mouldability into every shape and form. It makes decorative, unbreakable and easily-cleaned bathroom fittings. Plain sheets of it can be used for shelves and splashbacks. Moulded, it appears in the form of trays, light fittings, door-plates and handles, and glossy-textured table-tops and shelves.

Realising that the simplicity of the materials calls for exciting design, the manufacturers are producing forms better than anything that we associated with inexpensive products before the war.

Delicately-shaped fruit-bowls that might be mistaken for crystal prove, after all, to be Perspex—and much more durable. Table appointments of all kinds are coming up in their thousands, all of them attractive and many of them cheap. Shower-screens and shelves and elaborate splashbacks for bath and basin are impressive with bold designs engraved upon the surface of the Perspex.

SIDEBOARD AND CHINA CUPBOARD FITTED INTO A FIREPLACE RECESS

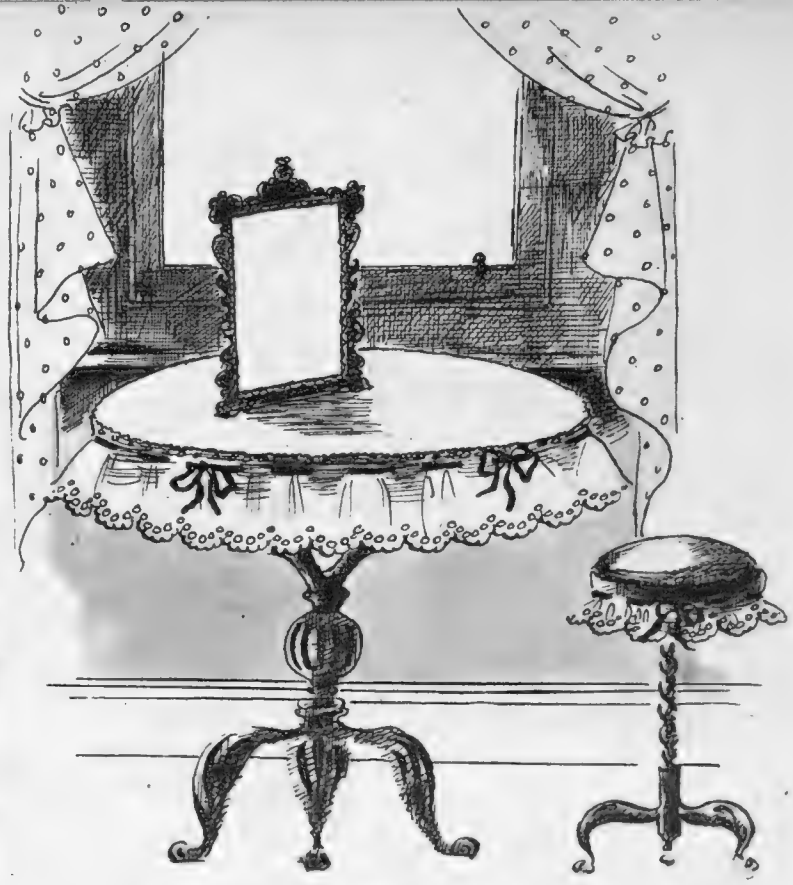
Dressing Up

Dressing Tables

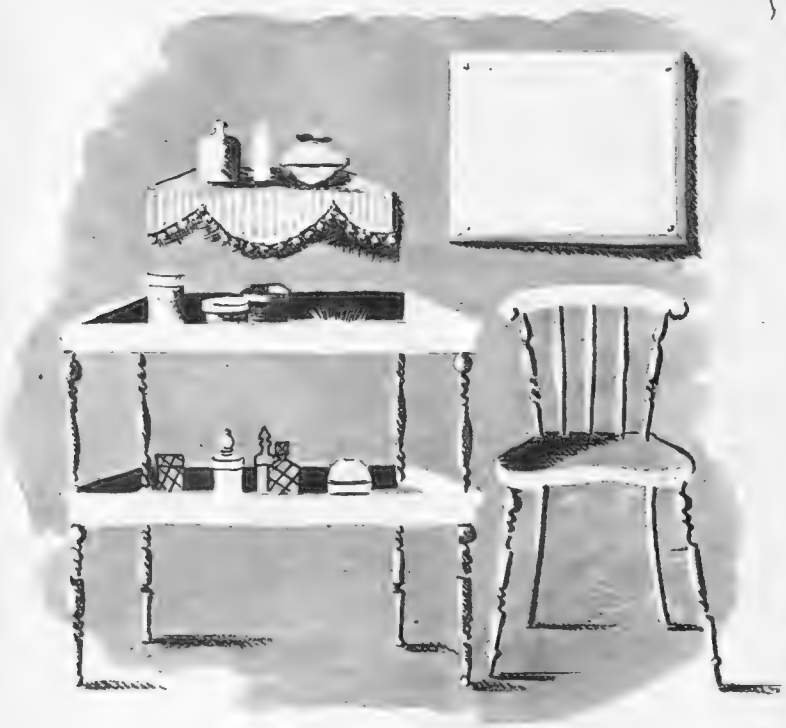
EVEN before the price of furniture shot to the ceiling and choice was narrowed down to Utility or Else, the charm of the rigged-up dressing-table was felt.

Being such a feminine piece of furniture, you can let your imagination go about dressing-tables.

Here are some improvisations which cover current problems of high cost and short supply, and provide some attractive substitutes for more conventional pieces.

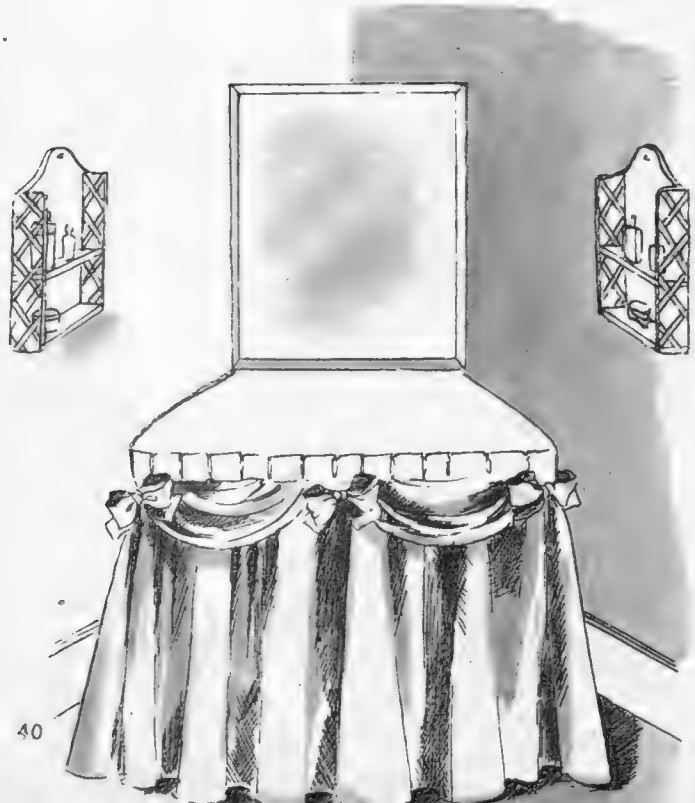


Hunt up a pedestal table and give it a mob-cap covering. Second-hand shops can still produce Victorian petticoats and babies' robes which cut up to make enchanting frills and flounces for a treatment such as this. An old-fashioned painted piano-stool has a cover identical with that of the table



For people who like to do their make-up in the bathroom, this is a down-to-earth arrangement made from a Victorian dumb-waiter. Small towels are spread on the top tray to catch the spillings from powder-puff and bottles. The large mirror and a stool make it possible to sit beside the table with every requirement at hand

An ordinary bookshelf fitment which can be bought second-hand or made by a competent amateur has been adapted to form a practical and inexpensive dressing-table. In the first place, the shelves have been stripped and painted and a curtain railway fitted along the margin of the second shelf. A curtain is hung to cover the lower shelves, which take the place of drawers



(On left) A wooden shelf fitted into the corner of a small bedroom is the basis of this attractive dressing-table. Nylon, heavily pleated and swagged across the top with a contrasting colour, gives the note of glamour. A plain mirror fits across the corner and a painted Victorian what-not is hung on either side to hold bottles and jars

The American President

IN the past few months, several friends of mine have remarked on the fact that whereas the average Briton felt he possessed a pretty accurate idea of the late President Roosevelt's character, yet hardly anyone in this country really knows anything much about his successor, President Truman. Rather the same, I expect, could be said of the average American's feelings regarding Churchill and our present Prime Minister.

Now comes a wholly excellent biography of the American President in **"This Man Truman,"** by Frank McNaughton and Walter Hehmeyer (Harrap, 12s. 6d.).

Harry Truman, like his predecessor, has defied physical handicaps to rise to the greatest position of eminence in the world's most powerful industrial nation, for he has been afflicted since early childhood by poor eyesight—made worse, undoubtedly, by his life-long passion for reading.

PRESIDENT TRUMAN

He is a son of the soil, and his biographers record that, of his farming as a young man, he said: "Riding one of these ploughs all day, day after day, gives one time to think. I've settled all of the ills of mankind in one way or another riding along, seeing that each animal pulled his part of the load."

Well, the ex-farmer's new office is providing him with ample opportunity to prove his theories—and never in history did mankind stand more in need of such a panacea as it does to-day.

There is no important detail of President Truman's life which is omitted from this straightforward biography, and I am sure that readers in this country will be grateful to the authors for providing them with this opportunity to get better acquainted with the character of a good and great man.

Books: *Reviewed by Alan Seymour*

WHEN our forces stormed the battlements of Europe on D-Day—assuredly the most sensational undertaking in history—the military part of the action was known by the code name "Operation Overlord." To the naval side of the invasion, however, a different code name was allotted—"Operation Neptune." And that code word provides the title of Commander Kenneth Edwards's enthralling account (Collins & Co., 12s. 6d.) of the part played by the Royal Navy in the invasion of Europe.

Success in "Operation Neptune" was the first essential to success in "Operation Overlord" and to victory. The fighting navies of the United Nations had to land the assault forces in the right places and at the right times, after air bombing and naval bombardments had dazed the defenders. And the allied navies and merchant navies had to see to it that the armies of liberation were increased in strength rapidly and continuously to ensure their ability to repulse the strongest of the enemy's armoured counter attacks.

Commander Edwards has divided his graphic account of this achievement into three sections. The first part deals with the planning which preceded the invasion. Part two details vividly and authentically the execution of the master plan, including the enemy's reactions to our secret weapons, and in part three he describes the consolidation of the successful invasion.

Admiral Sir Bertram Ramsay, who commanded our naval forces on D-Day, promised to write a foreword to this book, but was prevented from doing so by his untimely death in an air accident. However, Admiral Sir Harold Burrough, his successor, has done so.

"OF Many Men," by James Aldridge (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.), is one of those books which, once opened, one cannot put down. It recounts, in convincingly staccato phrases, the multitudinous adventures on almost every fighting front in the war just ended, of a tough, ex-Spanish War mercenary who appears to have moved from front to front with astonishing ease, and to have mixed on a privileged footing with high-ranking officers of all armies.

Notwithstanding the claims on one's credulity which these circumstances make, the book is irresistible, for it is so extraordinarily manly and full of fascinating detail, told in succinct—if, sometimes, rather stark—sentences. Regarded, chapter by chapter, as a series of short stories, it is brilliant.

"THE Safety Catch," by G. F. Hughes (Chapman & Hall, 8s. 6d.), is the story of one John Klooner, who conceives the idea of delivering the world from war by directing mass thought into the antithesis of hostility.

Backed by a wealthy philanthropist, he begins his crusade for lasting peace, and the profusion of adventures, surprises, pitfalls, counter-movements, pretty girls, indigo villains, and variety of ordinary and extraordinary people he encounters form a lively and colourful odyssey.

But it is to be hoped that UNO makes a better job of things than John Klooner and his supporters did, for in September, 1939, he was forced to the conclusion that the only way to ensure lasting peace was to go to war, and so he joined the R.A.F.

"ROSS Poldark," by Winston Graham (Ward Lock, 8s. 6d.), is a novel of eighteenth-century Cornwall. Although this sensitive story recreates all the colour of the romantic period with rare success, it is primarily a novel of character and people—and particularly of two people, Ross Poldark and the slum child he befriended and who repaid him by performing an age-old miracle.

ANOTHER novel dealing with people is B. Montagu Scott's latest—"Clay Eternal" (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.). It is a strange, intimate story of the lives of seven people of widely divergent types, brought together by an accident—and with a difference.

This intensely thoughtful and thought-provoking book introduces us to an attractive septet and enables us to follow them through their several incarnations.

Not only is the characterization of this novel a delight, but Miss Scott's descriptive writing recreates vividly and picturesquely scenes which are full of appeal.

"BIRDS of the Night," by Eric Hosking and Cyril Newberry (Collins, 12s. 6d.), is a companion book to the authors' delightful "Birds of the Day." It tells the story of those mysterious creatures, the owls.

Every species of owl found in this country is dealt with, and the book is illustrated with eighty (*Continued on page* 62)

After the day's work in the district there is the "paper" work to be done at home

Queen's Nurse

Her Part In The Life Of A Village

By Gwyneth Pennethorne

A PLATE on the gate tells you where she lives. But this is hardly necessary, for every soul in the village knows "Nurse." There is scarcely a house into which she has not been at some time or other, either on a friendly or professional visit. She has her home, but the greater part of her life is spent in the homes of other people. "Wait till Nurse comes, we'll ask her," "Nurse will tell us if Florrie must give up her job and come home to help," "Nurse will say if Tony should see the doctor," "Jennifer can't go to schoo till Nurse says she is fit," "We must ask Nurse about dad's food," and so on, and so on. On to those willing shoulders is piled the responsibility for the decisions to be taken in each case, not only in illness but in many subjects not strictly of a professional nature.

Nurse has to be the friend and adviser to her patients. She, as no one else, knows all their special problems and difficulties. Her job, too, apart from nursing cases of actual illness, is to teach the people in her district the elementary rules of hygiene, and the necessity of preventing preventable disease. She needs endless patience, kindness, firmness and a modicum of worldly wisdom to cope with all these tasks.

Besides the possession of the above-mentioned qualities Nurse is also a highly-trained woman. She must have had at least three years' training in a regular hospital, followed by six months' special training in district nursing, and must have passed all her examinations. If she is a midwife, and a country nurse must nearly always be, she has to satisfy the requirements of the Central Midwives Board. Her training includes among other subjects Elementary Physiology, Hygiene, Notifiable Diseases, School Medical Services, Sanitary Law, Venereal Diseases, Infant and Child Welfare, Tuberculosis, Elementary Economics and Social Problems. A formidable list! But they are all needed for her life's work.

Consider some of her work. Before starting out she will probably have received several personal and telephone messages to add to her list of visits. She may have to visit a mother, whose baby she helped into the world. The mother has to be seen to and made comfortable and the baby washed. Then she goes on to an old arthritic patient—helpless and bedridden—who has to be given a blanket bath. A pneumonia case is given oxygen. Several calls are made on people who are "just not very well." Nurse takes the temperature, and investigates (*Continued on page* 66)

A joke with the patient before the blanket bath. A bedridden case who is visited regularly

In her surgery, Nurse dresses the head wound of a small patient

Nurse also attends school inspection and weighs and measures the children

The two pictures on left show nurse visiting a mother, whose baby she helped into the world, and washing the precious infant just a week old

On Duty & Off

IT has been drummed into us for months that we cannot expect a life of ease and luxury yet awhile; but it is high time that soap should be considered as an essential and not as a luxury. Things have come to a very ugly pass when the laundries inform their clients that it is not a shortage of labour but a shortage of soap which prevents them from doing their work properly, and it is disgusting that hospitals should be kept short of bed-linen and uniform because the laundries are unable to return laundry at the end of each week.

Jane Gordon

WHENEVER a number of women are gathered together under one roof, it is likely that several of them will have one interest in common, and this will be the maintenance or improvement of their personal appearance. I have noticed that there is usually one nurse on our hospital staff who can set hair, and if she has taken the trouble to learn how to do so in a professional fashion, the chances are that she will be quite willing to practise on the heads of her fellow nurses, whether they are junior or senior to herself.

ON DUTY

One great advantage of this is that you are not tied for time and you can spend an entire evening getting your hair shampooed and set. It is well worth while searching the shops for setting combs, collecting as many packets of invisible hairpins as you can, as well as a good coarse hair net, and keeping these all together in one place for communal use. If the nurses' home runs to a hand drier, so much the better, otherwise you have to allow plenty of time to get the hair set dry in front of a fire.

Apart from hair sets, there are three special shampoos that you cannot do really efficiently yourself, but which are great fun to do for someone else. There are the American brush and sponge shampoos, and the oil shampoo. The brush shampoo is particularly good where the hair is greasy or inclined to dandruff and the sponge shampoo is excellent for the fine, delicate type of hair. A hot oil shampoo is the best for dry hair, especially if you are contemplating a permanent wave and wish to condition your hair to take a good perm.

For the hot oil treatment, you need:

1. The oil, which may be liquid paraffin, an olive oil substitute, or Vaseline hair tonic, and you should be able to get one of these from your chemist.
2. A large cup or saucer.
3. A piece of flannel or clean rag.
4. A coarse comb.
5. Something to wrap round your shoulders.
6. Your favourite shampoo and plenty of hot water.

Put your oil into the cup or saucer and hot-up the oil until it is comfortably warm. The "client" who is having the shampoo should sit on a fairly low chair and the "assistant" should operate as follows: Part the hair low down on one side, wrap the piece of rag or flannel round the index finger, dip into the oil, rub along the parting. Next, part the hair an inch away and repeat the rubbing and oiling. Continue in this way until the entire scalp is oiled, being careful to part the hair from the forehead at the front, down to the nape of the neck at the back. When the entire scalp nas been oiled, give the hair a good finger massage. If possible, wring out an old hand towel in hot water and wrap right round the head. Steam in this way for five or six minutes, then shampoo the hair with two lathers and plenty of rinsing water.

The method used for the brush or sponge shampoo is the same, only in one you use a piece of real sponge and in the other you use a long-handled brush. Those used for washing theatre instruments would be good, and if you cannot get one of these a very soft toothbrush would do. Mix a cupful of hot and very soapy shampoo, part the hair low down on one side as for the oil shampoo, dip your brush or sponge in the soapy water and rub along the parting. Part an inch away and continue until the scalp has been soaped and is looking pleasantly pink. Finger (*Continued on page 67*)

Beneath Your Suits... A FRILLED BLOUSE

MATERIALS

5 oz. of Copley's 2-ply Excelsior Shetland; 1 pair each of No. 10 and No. 12 knitting needles ; 9 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS

From the top of shoulder to lower edge, 18 ins.; across the back underarms, 17 ins.; across the front underarms (with edge), 9 ins.; from the top of sleeve to lower edge, 8½ ins.

TENSION

9 sts. to 1 in.

THE BACK

With No. 12 needles cast on 128 sts.

1st to 3rd rows.—K.

4th row.—K. 3, * k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 3 ; rep. from * to end.

5th and 6th rows.—K.

Change to No. 10 needles and work in the following patt. :—

1st row.—K. 1, * k. 2 tog., k. 2, w.fd., k. 1, w.fd., k. 2, k. 2 tog.; rep. from * to the last st., k. 1.

2nd row.—P.

These 2 rows form patt.

Continue until 12 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, (*Continued on page* 66)

Over Your Shirts... A NEAT WAISTCOAT

MATERIALS

4 oz. of 3-ply "Emu" Unshrinkable Pure Botany Fingering wool ; 1 pair each of No. 12 and No. 10 knitting needles ; 6 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS

From the top of shoulder to lower edge of back, 17 ins.; across half front underarms (with edge), 9 ins.; across back underarms, 17 ins.; from top of shoulder to lower edge of point, 21 ins.

TENSION

15 sts. to 2 ins.

THE BACK

With No. 10 needles, cast on 111 sts. K. into the back of the 1st row. K. 1 row. Work in the following patt. :—

1st row.—sl. 1, * p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 3 ; rep. from * ending k. 4.

2nd row.—sl. 1, * k. 1, p. 3, k. 1, p. 1 ; rep. from * ending k. 1, p. 1, k. 1.

3rd row.—sl. 1, * p. 1, k. 3, p. 1, k. 1 ; rep. from * ending p. 1, k. 2.

4th row.—sl. 1, * k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 3 ; rep. from * ending k. 1.

5th row.—sl. 1, k. 2, * p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 3 ; rep. from * ending k. 2.

6th row.—sl. 1, p. 2, * k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 3 ; rep. from * ending p. 1, k. 1.

These 6 rows form patt. Work until 11½ ins. from the cast-on edge. (*Continued on page* 66)

DRESS: BY JEAN BURNUP

Editor, Women's Department

1. Handsome long revers, a little front belt, a curving waistline and skilful use of the down and across of the stripes, lift this blue-green and rust tweed suit high above the crowd. Jaeger.

2. Only showable necks and chests can go into the new, very low indeed neckline featured on an azure silk jersey dress, sprinkled with white lacquered stars. The fluted peplum and the wide shoulders emphasize a tiny waist. Bery.

3. Navy woollen suit that stresses the new back interest with shoulder folds continuing as a yoke at back, and a curving hip line that dips and flares slightly behind, to a point. The heavy white silk front fastens on each side with navy and white cameo buttons. Simon Massey.

4. Lots of gathered fullness focused at the front of a coffee brown top coat, with deep magyar sleeves, enormous, cosy pockets and a clever, cut-in-one yoke and collar. Rensor.

GREEN CURRY

CURRIED FISH CAKES

MADRAS RAREBIT

CURRIES *With* CHARACTER

The ingredients added to the curry should always be adapted to the character of the dish. Those for curried meat will not be the same as for curried fish, vegetables, or chicken. For example: don't add anchovy essence for meat; don't add garlic for beef or chicken; don't add apples to vegetables.

Owing to the absence of rice, use pearl barley, vermicelli, macaroni finely chopped, or even dumplings. Well-mashed potatoes are always acceptable, especially when the curry sauce is fairly liquid.

GREEN CURRY

Half cook 1 cupful of brussels sprouts, 1 of cauliflower flowerette, 1 of onions; strain, keeping back the liquid and add to the vegetables 1 cupful of scalded spinach. Put them all into a frying pan with 2 oz. of margarine, sprinkle with 1 tablespoonful of curry powder and a pinch of salt; add 1 cupful of vegetable water and 1 of milk and let simmer until the vegetables are cooked.

CURRIED FISH CAKES

Take any fish with not much taste and boil it for 10 minutes. Bone and skin it. Mash the flesh and mix 4 cupfuls of it with 1 egg (dry), 1 dessertspoonful of flour, anchovy essence, salt and curry powder to taste and enough milk to have a very thick paste. Form into cakes and roll each one in flour mixed with an equal part of curry powder. Dip the cakes in milk and cover them with breadcrumbs. Fry until nice and brown.

MADRAS RAREBIT

Melt 2 oz. of margarine in a saucepan and add 4 reconstituted eggs. Scramble them and when almost done add, according to taste, grated cheese, curry

The Sauce

PINK SAUCE FOR WHITE FISH

Boil ½ cupful of shrimps in 1½ cupfuls of milk for 10 to 15 minutes with 1 teaspoonful of chopped herbs and 1 small onion. Strain well, and with the liquid make a sauce by melting 1 oz. of margarine, stirring in 1 tablespoonful of flour, and adding the stock. Bring to the boil stirring continuously, and when thick add 2 tablespoonfuls of shelled shrimps, salt and pepper to taste.

RUM CUSTARD FOR BOILED PUDDINGS

Reconstitute 2 eggs with milk instead of water and whisk for 5 minutes with 2 oz. of sugar and 1 teaspoonful of flour. Strain into a saucepan and gradually add, over a low fire while stirring, 1 cupful of hot milk. When it begins to thicken remove and add 1 tablespoonful of rum (if available) or rum essence to taste.

MINT SAUCE FOR BOILED MUTTON

Put into a bowl 1 tablespoonful of chopped mint and pound well with 1 teaspoonful of sugar. Add 1 large cupful of the mutton stock and 1 dessertspoonful of vinegar. Let it stand for 2 hours then incorporate, over a low fire, 1 dessertspoonful of flour to 1 oz. of margarine. Add the liquid, bring to the boil while stirring and serve hot or cold according to your choice for the mutton.

PIQUANT SAUCE FOR STEWED BEEF

Melt 1 dessertspoonful of margarine in a saucepan. Add 2 level dessertspoonfuls of sieved flour. Mix well and

powder, salt and mustard. Pile on slices of fried crustless bread and serve very hot.

CURRIED MUTTON

Cut the uncooked meat into small pieces. Mix 1 heaped tablespoonful of flour with ½ teaspoonful of crushed dried herbs, a pinch of salt and a pinch of pepper. Roll each piece of meat in this and then fry until brown. Fry separately 2 large onions passed through the mincer and when ready mix in 1 tablespoonful of curry powder, 1 of flour, 1 crushed clove of garlic and 2 cupfuls of meat stock. Stir well, cover the meat with the liquid and leave for 5-10 minutes in a medium oven.

INDIAN RABBIT

Cream 2 oz. of margarine with 1 tablespoonful of curry powder and 1 large grated onion. Put the mixture in a frying pan with a rabbit cut into portions and brown the meat on both sides. Add 1 tablespoonful of flour and 2 cupfuls of milk. Let simmer for 30 minutes.

PIQUANT LAYERS

Boil for 10 minutes 3 cupfuls of macaroni; strain and wash in plenty of boiling water. Grease a deep fireproof dish and arrange layers of macaroni and of chopped underdone beef rolled in curry powder. Put margarine shavings on top and pour over 1 cupful of boiling meat stock. Leave in a hot oven for 20 minutes.

KEBAB

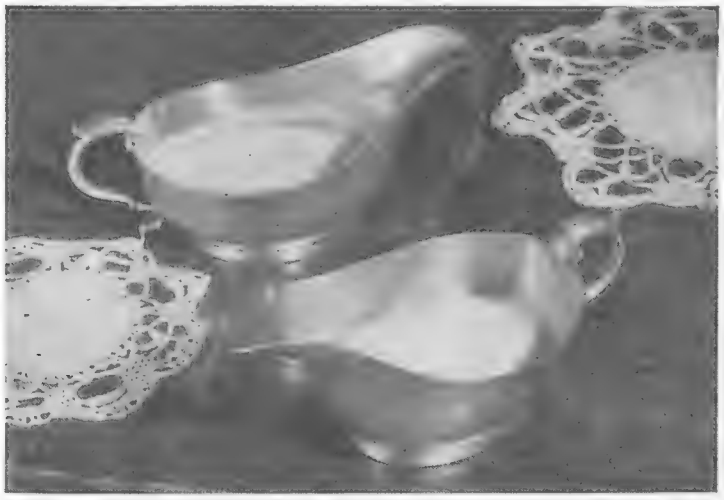
Cut some pork into squares about 1 in. thick and put them on small skewers allowing one skewer per person. Arrange the meat on the skewer, alternating with a small piece of bacon. Sprinkle with curry powder and arrange on a fireproof dish with a curry sauce made by frying 2 chopped onions, 1 clove of garlic and 5-6 bottled gooseberries (or 1 apple cut into slices). Pass this mixture through a sieve and mix the paste with 1 tablespoonful of curry powder, a pinch of salt and pepper and 1 cup of meat stock. Leave in a hot oven until the meat is cooked.

LEFT-OVER SAVOURY

Pass through the mincer any left-over meat and put it in a frying pan with a little fat; stir in curry powder to taste, 1 dessertspoonful of flour, and enough meat stock to form a thick paste when boiling. Spread on hot buttered toast and serve immediately.

For The Dish

pour over 1 cupful of meat stock. Bring to the boil stirring all the time, then add 1 teaspoonful of vinegar, salt and pepper to taste and 2 well-crushed cloves of garlic. Let simmer for 10 minutes.



SARDINE SAUCE

Fry in 1 oz. of margarine 1 sliced onion and 3 sardines, boned and chopped. Incorporate 1 tablespoonful of flour and add, while stirring, 2 cupfuls of boiling meat stock. When thick pass through a sieve and add salt and pepper to taste and, if available, 1 cupful of tinned or bottled tomatoes. Reheat and serve with macaroni.

Breakfast On Your Own?

HERE ARE SOME GOOD IDEAS

BACON ROLL

Cut the rind off 1 rasher of bacon and place a small quantity of left-over minced meat on the bacon. Roll the rasher round the meat, tie with string or preferably with the rind, dip in batter, and fry until golden brown.

COD RISSOLES

Have ready ½ cupful of mashed cooked cod and mix it with 1 egg (dry), ¼ cupful of breadcrumbs, and bind all the ingredients with a little fish sauce (margarine, flour and fish stock). Add salt and pepper to taste, shape into a sausage, roll in flour, dip in milk, and cover with breadcrumbs Fry until brown.

CORNED BEEF PARMENTIER

Take 2 boiled potatoes and cut them into thin slices. Melt ½ oz. of margarine and fry the potatoes with an equal quantity of chopped corned beef. After 5 minutes add ¼ cupful of milk and a pinch of salt and pepper. When the milk is absorbed take spoonfuls of the mixture and arrange on rolls cut into halves, buttered, and heated in the oven.

PARSLEY TOAST

Cream 1 teaspoonful of margarine with 1 of breadcrumbs and 1 of chopped parsley; spread it on a piece of toast, place a rasher of bacon on top and crisp quickly under the grill.

STUFFED ROLL

Cut 1 roll in two, scoop out the crumb, and heat well in the oven. Fill with scrambled dried eggs well flavoured with curry or anchovy, or with any fish left-overs mixed with a thick white sauce and reheated.

BACON ECONOMY

Pass through the mincer ½ a large rasher of bacon with 1 teaspoonful of chopped onion; mix with an equal quantity of breadcrumbs and fry in a little fat. Serve on hot buttered toast and sprinkle with salt, pepper and parsley.

MOCK KEDGEREE

Have ready ½ cupful of cooked pearl barley, ½ cupful of pieces of boiled fish and mix them in a saucepan over a low fire with 1 oz. of margarine, 1 reconstituted egg, 1 teaspoonful of anchovy sauce and a little milk. Add salt and pepper to taste.

Harriet Muir

THE MODEL MOTHER . . .

By Louisa Kay

LIKE the head that wears the crown the one that is topped with a halo must have a difficult time. Apart from looking like a medieval painting, one would surely in the possession be miserably conscious of the need for living up to it.

This could be the reason why few mothers ever scale the summit of perfection which justifies the endowment of the shining symbol. On the other hand, it may be because a few human imperfections are so much nicer anyway.

A model mother, like a model anything in fact, would be a first-class bore.

Perfection itself is an elusive term. Equally so in relation to an estimate of the qualities which go to make a model mother, as in any other kind of test. Qualities which may seem desirable to one are dismissed with an upward tilt of the nose by others, perhaps equally qualified to judge.

So there you are, though it cannot be denied that there are certain basic qualities quite indispensable in any estimate of what goes into the composition of a woman ideally equipped for motherhood.

Without question some of these qualities are the gift of Nature. A lot more of them can be acquired by intelligent application to the task. Age is no criterion. There are good mothers at fifty and indifferent ones at twenty-five, and the opposite.

One may not be particularly ambitious to earn the title of a perfect mother, but there are many practical advantages in being good at the job. In the first place the drudgery which undoubtedly enters into baby minding is largely eliminated by efficiency and anxiety is equally reduced by the capacity to say or do the right thing at the right moment.

You can play your own game of compiling a list of the virtues which go to make the model mother. Here is ours, to start you thinking.

. . . Before all other qualities has the capacity of reasonable and reasoning detachment from the mists of mother love, enabling her to see her children as others see them.

. . . Possesses, or has retained, a degree of agelessness which permits her to see, when necessary, with a child's vision, and so to approach a perfect understanding with the very young.

. . . Inspires confidence: (*a*) by the sureness of her understanding of a child's problems; (*b*) by her appreciation of its real and fancied fears; (*c*) by her willingness to explain, within the limits of childish understanding, why certain forms of conduct are required.

. . . Recognizes, when correcting, the equal need for self-discipline. Corrections are not subject to her own fluctuations of temper.

. . . Qualifies for the title without too much self-conscious effort. In other words, she acknowledges the requirements of efficiency, but is in no danger of becoming an automaton.

. . . Reads, marks, learns and thoroughly digests the letter of the law as it is written by the experts in regard to baby care and management, but does not lose sight of the fact that children are individuals, not machines, and that some flexibility of routine is called for in dealing with human beings.

. . . Realizes that unselfish devotion is an admirable thing, but that absolute sublimation is just plumb crazy and turns nice children into self-centred little arabs.

. . . Is calm and composed, though not complacent, in any crisis of illness or accident. Does not suffer from the conviction that disaster waits round the corner for her precious flock and in such matters has a definite bias in favour of optimism. All the same, she takes sensible precautions against accidents.

. . . Is proud of her children, but does not inflict them, relentlessly, upon her friends, neither does she adopt a pose of false modesty about their charms and achievements. In fact she is just natural.

. . . Does not sacrifice the interests of her husband to those of her children, nor vice versa, but keeps them both in the separate and totally different compartments to which they belong.

Don't get 'sold a pup'!

When it's a rayon you're buying, there's no need to take a chance. Just look on the selvedge for the brand-name 'Tebilized,' which stands for *tested crease-resistance*. It means that the fabric will de-wrinkle itself, just as wool does naturally, and come from the wash unshrunken and without a hint of limpness. It means that you can judge rayons by a new, scientific yardstick, too, because only fabrics which reach a certain very high standard of crease-resistance are *allowed* to be branded 'Tebilized.' A lot of ready-to-wear clothes are made of 'Tebilized' brand fabrics. When you see a garment with the word 'Tebilized' on the name-tag, you can be sure that it will look just as fresh and shapely two or three seasons hence as it does in the shop.

fabrics branded TEBILIZED have tested crease-resistance

'TEBILIZED' TRADE MARK USERS ASSOCIATION, 2 COOPER STREET, MANCHESTER, 2

A TOUCH OF *Glamour*

in Dolcis exclusive Ankle Strap models

DOLCIS DEBUTANTE
Style "Collette."
Available in
A & B Fittings.

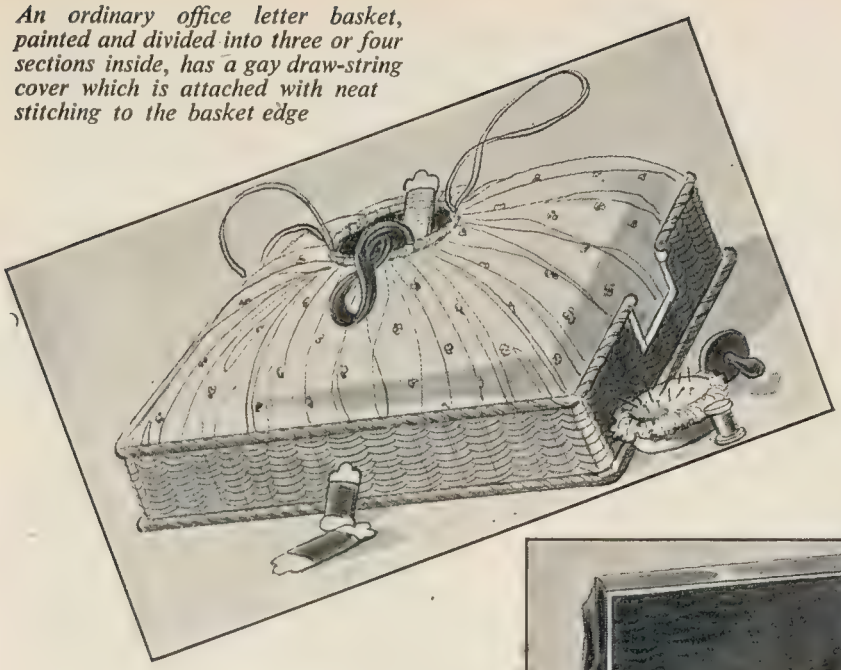
DOLCIS DEBUTANTE
Style "Georgette."
Available in
A & B Fittings.

DOLCIS

ALL DOLCIS SHOE STORES ARE OPEN DURING NORMAL SHOPPING HOURS AT THEIR CUSTOMERS' SERVICE

THERE IS A DOLCIS SHOE STORE IN EVERY LARGE TOWN

An ordinary office letter basket, painted and divided into three or four sections inside, has a gay draw-string cover which is attached with neat stitching to the basket edge



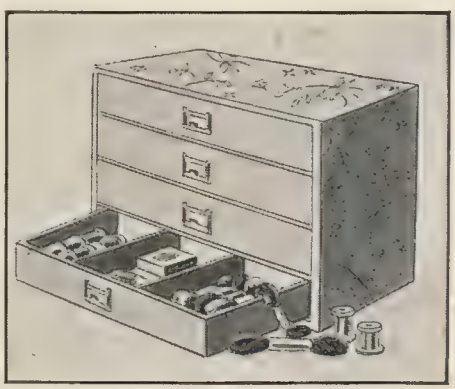
Make Your Own WORKBOX

WORKBOXES are incorrigible. Even the most tidy-minded woman is defeated by the relentless purpose of cottons and wools and the rest of the sewing paraphernalia to wind themselves together in confusion. The answer is a workbox cunningly designed in sections so that a reasonable campaign of efficiency has a chance of success.

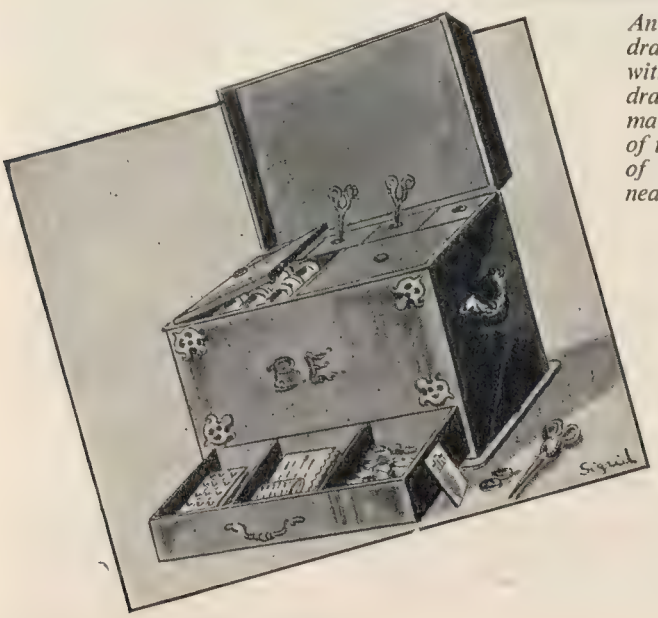
Workboxes of this kind—in fact of any kind—are difficult to come by nowadays, but a little ingenious adaptation will make any box divided into sections, even if it was designed for quite another purpose, into an efficient and attractive container for all the necessities of sewing.

The ideas illustrated on this page will give a start to invention. All of them are adapted from things which can be obtained more or less easily now.

Charming to look at, pleasing to use. A Victorian tea caddy used just as it is to hold cottons and silks in one compartment, needles and buttons in the other, with wool in the centre

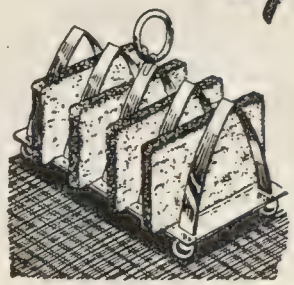


An ordinary office nest of drawers has been pasted over with a pretty wallpaper. The drawer fronts are painted to match the background colour of the paper, and the insides of the drawers are divided neatly into sections with thick cardboard



An unused smoker's cabinet needs hardly any adaptation to become a neat, efficient and decorative receptacle for all the accessories of your needlework

Wise people say



HOVIS

-every day

BEST BAKERS BAKE IT

Macclesfield

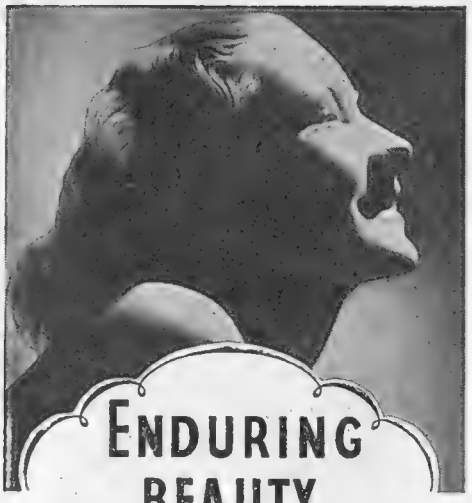
OPTREX

the

eye lotion

Whether you wear glasses or not, you should have your eyes examined at regular intervals by a Qualified Practitioner.

Optrex Ltd., Perivale, Middlesex.



ENDURING BEAUTY
results from the constant use of
Personality
TURTLE OIL SOAP
....thanks to its natural oils
More than a Soap – a Beauty Treatment
It's perfect for Baby
From Britain's nicest shops
1/10 PER TABLET 2 COUPONS
PERSONALITY BEAUTY PRODUCTS LTD. ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH

OFFICE WORKERS NEED...

"Good Morning" The Breakfast!

They must start the day with a breakfast that will keep them energetic and alert. WELGAR SHREDDED WHEAT provides them with food elements essential to nourishment and vigorous bodily health. Ready cooked—easily served. Eightpence the large packet—3 points.

WELGAR
(REGISTERED TRADE MARK)
SHREDDED WHEAT
Made by the Shredded Wheat Co. Ltd., Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

In Her Honour

(*Continued from page 12*)

stop his going through the door. "He might be dangerous!"

"Darling, you *have* had a scare!" Gently he loosed her hands and, putting her behind him, went out to the hall. From far below in the building came a very faint sound. The front door of the flat stood open.

He ran through the rooms, putting on all lights, then: "Thank God," he muttered.

"*What?*" Tanya was at his elbow at the wall safe in the study.

"I moved my papers to the legation over the week-end."

"While I was away?"

He took up the phone to call the police, and Tanya sank into a chair. "Cheer up, sweet," he urged, "they've taken nothing, not even your pearl string." She managed a grateful smile, for the pearls were his wedding-gift.

"There's no need for you to wait for the police," he told her, and picking her up, carried her to bed. Her hands were ice-cold.

"Charles—what are you thinking?"

"Just wondering," he replied absently, "how the fellow got in so easily."

"The locks wouldn't be so hard for a professional to pick."

"But the bolts——"

"You must have forgotten to fix them."

The police said this, too, and, patiently, Charles explained: "For years I have done the same things in the same order. First in London, now here. I have a last drink. I set my watch by the drawing-room clock, and I wind it as I go to see to the doors. I couldn't omit one without noticing it. I'm that sort of person."

"Then," said the police, "since the windows are impossibly high, the man must have been hidden in the apartment, in a cupboard, perhaps."

And, though search revealed no trace, Charles was forced to accept this as the only reasonable explanation.

The incident troubled him, nevertheless. The person who could enter most freely, who could most easily have acquired a duplicate key, was Paul. And who *was* Paul? A distant cousin of Tanya's, a cosmopolitan, owing no loyalties, a voluntary exile from the country of his birth.

"Tanya," asked Charles at breakfast. "Where is Paul?"

"But in the south of France," she said, perplexity in her eyes, "you know that."

"Already?"

"Of course—for the big race."

"That's not for three days."

"Always he goes two or three days before."

But Charles could not rid his mind of uneasiness. Among all the spy scares and rumours, there had been certain official complaints of leakages that, he now saw, could have emanated from his own household! He thrust the preposterous thought from him as he walked the hot streets to his office. What could a boy like Paul have gleaned from the scraps of careless conversation that came his way—unless he were a professionally trained spy.

But on reaching his office, Charles found news of such gravity that all other worries took second place: English people were being advised to leave the country.

When, at last, he was able to speak to Tanya on the telephone, he thought she was crying, but this she impatiently denied, demanding:—

"Is it true? Is *war* coming because of ridiculous customs disputes?"

"I've made arrangements," he told her gently, "for you to leave by plane tonight."

"You forget! My Red Cross——"

"Will be needed in England," he said grimly.

But at lunchtime she argued throughout a meal which neither could eat and, since he could scarcely send her by force, she did not go.

All through the week, tension tautened. Tanya was only one of Charles's major worries until, quite suddenly one morning, she gave way. She had been speaking on the telephone and came into the room looking very pale.

"That was Paul," she told Charles. "He too thinks I should go. But you——"

"I'll be recalled, I expect in a couple of days—and I want you out of the way *now*, before the bombing starts."

She caught her breath, turned mutely into their bedroom and he heard her beginning to pack. When he went in, she was dressed in her Red Cross uniform.

"It may make it easier for me," she said miserably, "to get through."

There was no time now to book her a seat in a plane. Charles watched the crowded train slide out from the station, Tanya's wistful face smiling from the carriage window, and then he went back to find that his own recall had come through.

He got away twenty-four hours later and while he was landing in this country, the city and frontier aerodromes he had just left were under savage bombardment.

Tanya was not in England.

THEY identified Tanya's body in her Red Cross uniform, with her locket about her neck, on one of the airfields nearest to Germany; but, by the time this news reached Charles he knew what it must be.

"She was right off her route," he wrote to his mother, "and must have left the train before it reached the frontier. She wore her Red Cross uniform and I should have guessed by that, that she never meant to leave her country. If only she had told me—but I suppose she couldn't face my distress—or couldn't trust herself not to weaken. I wish you had known her—could know what she has done for me."

To outward appearance, he was unchanged. He took up his life again in his old London chambers but his friends said of him:—

"The man's not the same. He's *human*. It was a pity about his wife—but these mixed marriages don't always work and there was a great disparity in age." In his heart, Charles Dishart, nature's bachelor, may have known this to be true.

He hung Tanya's portrait above his fireplace and wrote upon it in his small, beautiful script: "Blessed is she that giveth her life for her friends."

He put flowers beneath it and a light above and, once a year, on the anniversary of her death, he invited his three most intimate friends—for now he *had* intimate friends—to dine in her honour.

DINNER was over. The man home from Germany rose with the rest and turned the stem of his wine glass in his fingers. He was thinking of the interrogation he had conducted some months back. He saw again the hysterical, dark-skinned youth called Paul, blurting out his defiant confession, incriminating his friends, telling the story of Tanya.

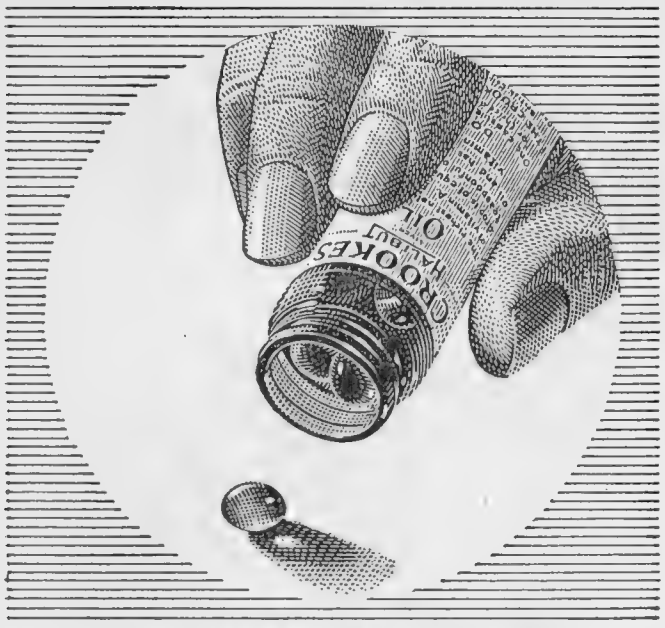
This man who had heard so many stories, sordid, tragic, contemptible, found it hard to condemn a girl of twenty, a charming cosmopolitan, penniless girl, for making up her mind to marry a well-bred Englishman for moneyed security and the protection of his passport in an explosive Europe. She had faithfully carried out her side of the contract, according to her code. She had given her beauty and charm and made her husband happy beyond his imagining. It was an accident of youth that she fell in love with Paul.

To pass on information to Paul was the logical consequence. He, himself, spoke scornfully of her blunder over those documents no longer in the safe, but praised her resource in making time for him to escape. She was on her way to join him in Germany when she met her death.

Tanya was dead. But here was Charles whom she had taught to live:—

"Blessed is she . . ." Charles was saying. And, only for an infinitesimal moment, did the third guest hesitate before raising his glass.

END



EXTRA VITAMINS ESSENTIAL TO HEALTH

COLDS and influenza cannot be resisted when your diet is deficient in vitamin A: the daily dose of Crookes' ensures you the necessary amount. Adults cannot keep healthy and children cannot grow up with straight bones and strong teeth without sufficient vitamin D: the daily dose of Crookes' keeps your supply well above the safety level. This extra supply of vitamins A and D will work wonders in building up your resistance and stamina.

CROOKES' HALIBUT OIL

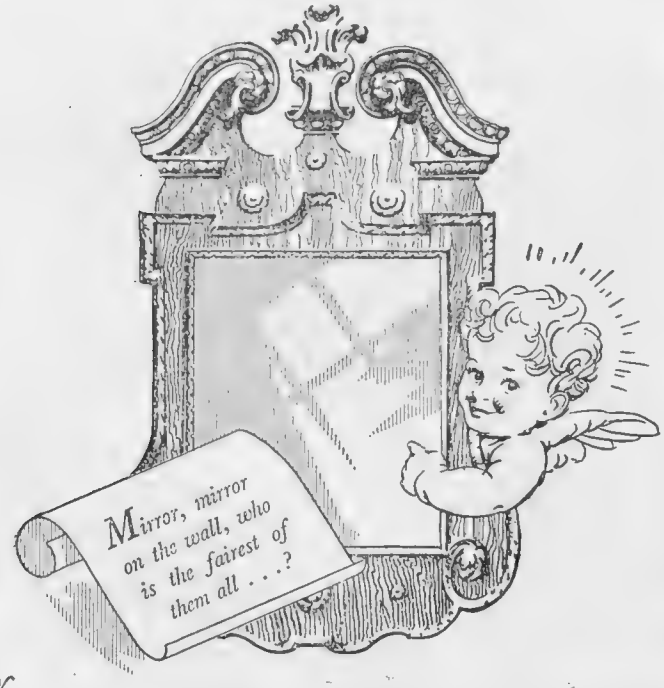
OBTAINABLE ONLY FROM CHEMISTS

Capsules—100—8/6 *Liquid—enough for 16 days 2/-*

C7

Fine Scotch woollen "makes" this unusual suit. A Hershelle model, of course . . .

. . . look for the name HERSHELLE on the label.

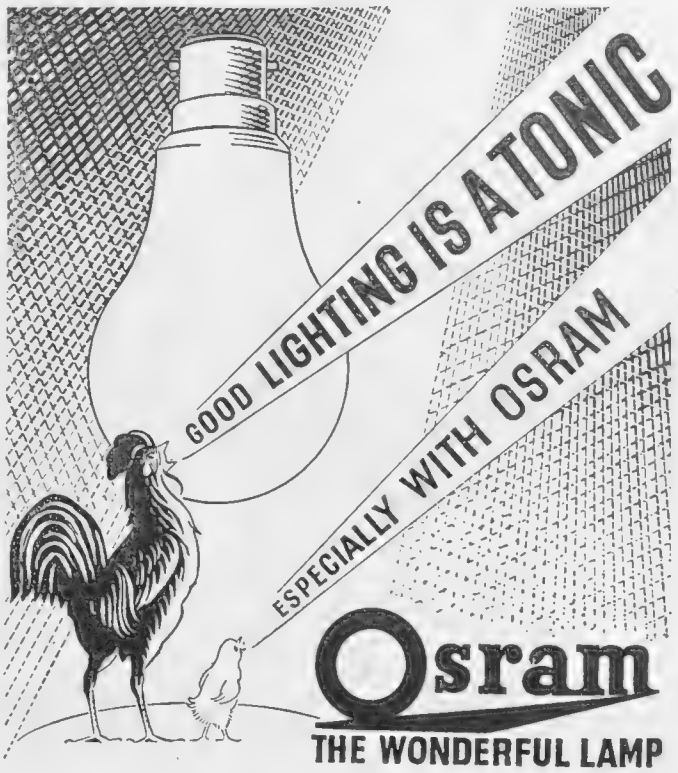


YOUNG Cupid's roguish eye peeps at the reflection of your distinctive beauty! A gay deceiver, yet he knows your loveliness lies in cool, protective Icilma Foundation Cream. This powder base smooths away little roughnesses, conceals tiny blemishes, and makes powder cling for hours.

IN JARS Icilma 2/2, 10½d
FOUNDATION CREAM

Also Face Powder in boxes 2/2, 10½d, *and Cleansing Cold Cream* 2/2, 10½d

IC 304-96 ICILMA CO. LTD., ISLEWORTH, MIDDLESEX



Advertisement of The General Electric Company Limited.

The Mule?

In the making of Blankets, the 'Mule' is a kindly, docile, obedient animal. It is a machine which spins the wool into the finest threads and gives the extra strength so necessary in a high-class Blanket.

'MODERNA' Blankets will be Guaranteed 5 Ways, 5 Years, Fadeless, Odourless, Mothproof, Unshrinkable, and all Pure Lamb's Wool.

In the newest of pastel shades.

As soon as new conditions permit, they will be obtainable in all the best Stores.

MODERNA

Blankets for Post-War Homes

THOMAS, RATCLIFFE & CO., LTD., MYTHOLMROYD, YORKS.

Nothing New Under The Sun

(*Continued from page* 16)

supported by her fly-by-night friends, but gradually the quality and numbers of her clientele deteriorated.

In 1778, Carlisle House was again sold, and eventually lost its original character and all connection with its former hostess (in our own time, this handsome mansion was the headquarters of our film censorship; but was finally and unhappily destroyed in the blitz).

Mrs. Cornelys, undefeated, retired to the ruralities of Kensington, where she tried a new venture in the shape of public breakfasts with the special attraction of asses' milk. But her fame, her vogue, and her public dwindled away; she sank deeper and deeper into debt, and died, at a ripe old age, in the inevitable Fleet Prison.

THE beautiful Countess of Blessington, figure of fashion, *salon*-hostess of Seamore Place, and gifted amateur interior decorator, was probably the first woman of position to become a professional contributor to periodicals; precursor of the titled men and women who, as "gossip writers" and journalists are a commonplace and accepted part of the twentieth-century scene.

A description of her life and origins does not fall within the scope of this brief sketch, which is merely concerned with her specific career as a genre writer. Suffice it to say that Lady Blessington, widowed in 1829, was left with a mere two thousand a year to carry on the luxurious existence to which she had become accustomed. This two thousand, added to the incomes of her step-daughter and son-in-law, Count d'Orsay (long her lover, by common and scandalous repute), was sufficient for the needs of the fashionable household—until the *ménage à trois* was broken up by marital disharmony. Financial chaos ensuing, Lady Blessington turned author, contributing "Memoirs of Byron" to the *New Monthly* magazine, edited by Edward Bulwer Lytton, whose friendship and support were unfailing. These memoirs, an account of conversations about well-known persons with Lord Byron during a meeting in Genoa in 1823 (purporting to be extracts from a diary) appeared in instalments and caused as much stir among the *ton* as did Walter Winchell's "flashes" in café society circles before 1939.

Lady Blessington then embarked on a series of novels containing thinly-disguised revelations about real people, but found her best medium and steadiest source of income in editing an annual named *The Book of Beauty* and another called *The Keepsake*. These annuals, which were all the rage—particularly as Christmas presents—were elegant volumes bound in moiré silk, stamped velvet, or gold-tooled morocco, edited by someone of note in the fashionable world, and containing engravings of famous paintings, society beauties, stories, sketches, and verse. Not only did Lady Blessington edit *The Book of Beauty* from 1834 to 1849; she contributed a flow of sketches and verses herself and wrote what we would to-day describe as captions to the portrait engravings of lovely ladies. In addition to these labours, she sent contributions to various other publications as well.

Without even a secretary to help her, Lady Blessington found herself caught up in a life of unceasing drudgery. Obliged to keep her afternoons and evenings free for those social contacts which were so necessary to her profession, she was forced to sit up late every night to write and to start again very early in the morning. What is more, her popularity with old and with new friends alike began to wane as her importunities and begging-letters, for contributions to her annual, increased. Worn out by the struggle to keep up appearances, to keep up her work and her position, the professional-amateur died suddenly, during what seemed to be only a slight illness, in 1849—*The Keepsake* for 1850 appearing as "Edited by the late Countess of Blessington."

END

For "YOUR GOOD HEALTH" use SANITAS

The Safe PERSONAL ANTISEPTIC

At all Chemists 1/1½D

The Big Shots of Dope

(*Continued from page* 13)

coaxed or forced a large part of China to take opium in new, high-power forms, and set about a parallel poisoning of the white world overseas, from drug factories in the Chinese foreign concessions and from Japan itself.

World War II had the effect of holding up much of the drug traffic. Either the military took over all output or transport lacked. But the war in no way stopped the Japanese poisoning of China where they are said to have left thirty million addicts. But woe to any Japanese soldier who indulged; he got seven years from his co-prosperity bosses. So much for essential background: now what is going to happen after World War II?

Isn't this world daft and harassed enough already without our wishing a second and greater post-war dope avalanche upon ourselves? It will come unless UNO strikes out on new and much more forceful lines. UNO? No, not UNO. Let us get this right: the future of the drug traffic lies with the United States, Russia and China, with Britain and France next in the line of responsibility. You may well call these the Big Shots of Dope for they have it in their power to fashion the root of the evil to their own desires. And evil it is: it's not like wine and other stimulants. For every one who falls through "drink," fifty get through, having added to life by taking it. You could almost reverse the figures when it comes to dope—although it is absolutely necessary to analyse drug addiction from the race and national standpoint.

It manifestly does less harm to a Chinese to indulge his pipe-yin, or an Arab his hashish chewing, than it does to a young white person to take a "shot" of heroin. The League's ponderously named Permanent Central Opium Board never thought about things like that, but exuded too much of the missionary-helping - heathen - Chinee - from - superior Christian-civilization. Let us help ourselves before the heathen Chinee. By so doing we shall help the latter also.

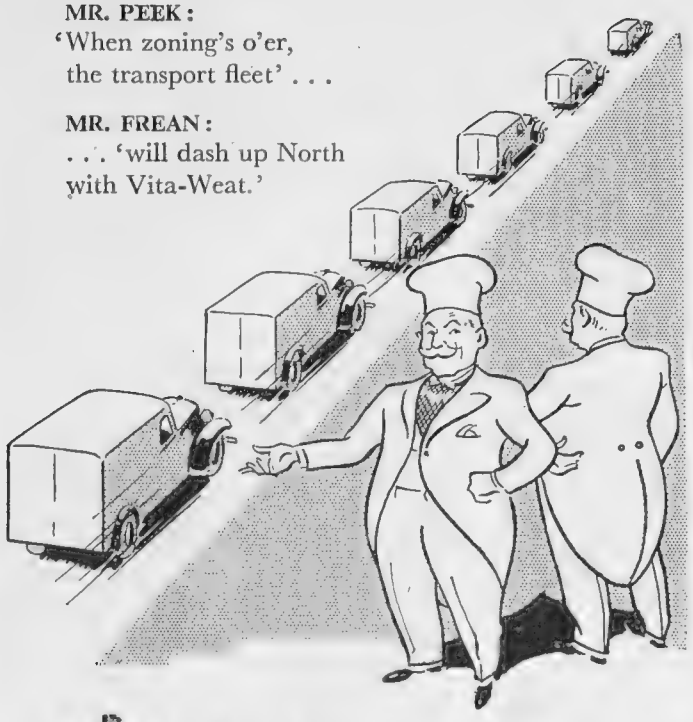
However . . . the greatest authority in the world today, Russell Pasha, came to this conclusion after twenty years at the head of the League's anti-drug campaign: that the one and only way to arrest, control, and finally ration dope, is to strike at the source; to strike at the factories and the links connecting them to the fields whence come the raw materials, and eventually to swoop down on poppy cultivation itself. It's waste of time chasing smugglers up and down gangplanks, or weaving intricate webs round "dope barons" basking in the sun of society. All that is too late.

An entirely new situation is now present. Japan as a purveyor, is out—or can be put out. The Chinese have claimed the foreign concessions where so much of the international drug traffic has originated—not only for China but the world at large. The British and Dutch opium monopolies in India and the East Indies are challenged. And the racketeers in Europe and America have not yet had time to get started again—not even in Bulgaria. Only in the Middle East do the hashish smugglers carry on as in pre-war days—and is their traffic really so dreadful?

Let us inject a new sense of proportion into this business! We've heard altogether too much from the Nile and Asia Minor. This hashish traffic is a fleabite beside the universal curse; nor does the hemp work ravages akin to the white alkaloids; while, take it from the Middle Easterner, and what does he do? Distils some brew with a "kick," from tea or datura, or something newer. Of course hashish is bad for (*Continued on page* 56)

MR. PEEK:
'When zoning's o'er,
the transport fleet' . . .

MR. FREAN:
. . . 'will dash up North
with Vita-Weat.'



By Appointment
Peek Frean & Co. Ltd.
Biscuit & Vita-Weat
Crispbread Manufacturers

Vita-Weat
REGD

PEEK FREAN'S CRISPBREAD

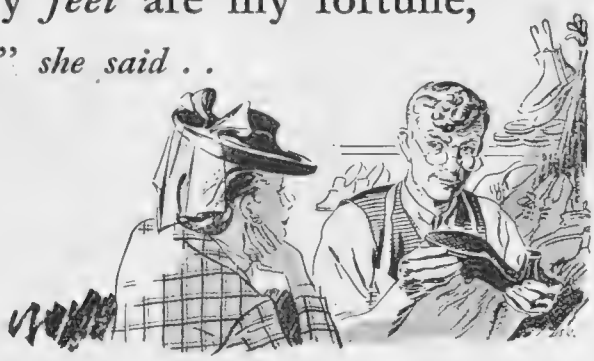
Made by Peek Frean & Co. Ltd., makers of famous biscuits

A Dorothy Gray PREPARATION

BLUSTERY WEATHER LOTION. *Described to perfection by its name. A bland greaseless emollient to protect and soothe the skin sensitive to drying winds and raw cold. A refreshing preparation to be used before and after exposure — as a non-greasy powder-base.*

Dorothy Gray is a Reg. Trade Mark

"My *feet* are my fortune, sir," *she said . .*



". . . AND THAT GOES FOR ALL OF US NURSES," said Nurse Briggs to me the other day. (She's our district nurse, miss, one of the best.) "*We're walking or standing all day. But at one time my feet were costing me my fortune, such as it is.*

"*My shoes were for ever wearing down — first the soles, then the heels — always needing repair. It was my lucky day when you told me about Phillips Rubbers. What a difference they've made!*"

I know that's true because Nurse Briggs has been a regular customer ever since — asks me to put Phillips Rubber Soles and Heels on all her shoes. She likes her feet to LOOK right as well as FEEL right, and Phillips Rubbers keep shoes neat and smart all the time. What's more they're invisible in wear. Take it from me

Phillips

Rubber Soles and Heels
double the life of your shoes!

Sirdar Leaflet No. 1134.
Cardigan in Sirdar Super Shetland Wool 3-ply, 38 inch bust. Price 4d. from Stores and Woolshops, or 5d. post free from :—

HARRAP BROS. (SIRDAR WOOLS) LIMITED,
BECTIVE MILLS, WAKEFIELD

Soon, too,
there'll be more and more TATTOO!
LIPSTICK · POWDER · ROUGE · MASCARA

When
"Golden Shred"
reappears upon the breakfast table you will know that
The World's Best Marmalade
is being made again
Until then the Marmalade to buy is
J.R.

James Robertson & Sons (P.M.) Ltd.
Golden Shred Works
London, Paisley, Manchester, Bristol.

Egypt. But so is heroin bad for Chicago—worse.

The United States bears a responsibility second to none. For three reasons. It can do what it likes with Japan, prohibiting any Jap hand from touching the drug traffic. Secondly, as the supreme Pacific Power it has immense influence in everything appertaining to China which *before* Japan's devilry was credited with producing annually seven times as much raw opium as all the rest of the world combined. And thirdly, because of the Americans' own bad record over drug addiction. For nearly forty years they have only expanded, as a receiving country of dope. From Mexico, they smoke the Marihuana weed; from Bolivia and Peru, they take "shots" from the coca-leaf; from ports Far Eastern and European they take in morphine and heroin; and pipes of opium abound in their racially-varied population.

Next in responsibility, the Russians. Not only because they have the say where Japan churned out dope at its worst—in North China, "Manchukuo," Jehol and Korea (including *the* pest spot of them all, Dairen)—but because of the Russians' own producing capacity and of their influence over other countries that likewise produce. Russia has been a dark horse over dope. She produces opium in the Crimea, in Turkestan, and in Western Siberia. She is out for a paramount say in Persia whose opium, the best of the lot, is all the medical world requires. And she has in her orbit Bulgaria, Hungary and Jugoslavia, *which can produce more raw poppy extracts than the whole world licitly needs.*

Of China it is hardly necessary to speak. She has a long and painful process of self-cure to tackle and has to set about contracting her enormous poppy cultivation, which Sun Yat Sen was the last to try to do. What we whites can do, is to help China clean the late foreign concessions by preventing all "dope barons" the Chinese may name, from lingering or re-entering. That being the first step towards putting China's dope factories out of action—and far more damage have they done to Chinese and whites alike, than any indulgence in the pipe of the poppy by Chinamen inured

The Big Shots of Dope

to dope by many centuries of inheritance.

Britain's responsibility is towards a rationing system. Indians and others of colour within the Empire cannot suddenly be deprived of their opium, but the monopoly can be transformed into a model process of reduction spread over the years. We could also come in with Russia, the U.S., and France, over drug production and traffic in Persia, Turkey and Syria-Lebanon. Finally, France's responsibility is to cease being the "Clapham Junction" of dope that she grew to be in the inter-war years—junction through which much of the international traffic was dispatched.

If we are nibbling at the idea of abandoning some of our national sovereignty there is no better place to begin than with the drug traffic. As I have indicated, the world's licit requirements could very largely be met by Persia alone, or by Hungary and Jugoslavia combined. Nearly all the rest of the immensity of drug growing could be dispensed with. In fact the stage is set for a one centralized drug plant under UNO. That would yield us all the white derivatives we need. As for meeting the gradually declining yin of opium-takers in the East, UNO could install resident commissions to see that poppy fields within their zones were in fact systematically uprooted.

And let us call it the Drug Addiction Control Board, which says what it's meant to; and let's take no more gentle purrings from delegate-successors of those Japs and Bulgars who never did a single thing they contracted to do in the past. How about it, my BIG SHOTS OF DOPE? We whites, as usual, developed this curse into what it has become. The Oriental with his pipe of dreams may have been sapping himself, but he was a happy mortal before we barged in with our high-power stuff and racketeers attracted by money. It is up to us to clean the business up, for our own sake just as much as the heathen Chinee's. The rank hypocrisy of ever harping on the Oriental in this matter of dope!

END

On Compassionate Grounds

(*Continued from page* 32)

was why, when he heard her voice, he knew that this stolen leave was divinely sanctioned.

He had known exactly how the conversation would take place.

"Is that Mrs. McAlpine Aggs?" (He made his voice unrecognizably gruff.)

"Yes, Mrs. McAlpine Aggs speaking."

"I want to speak to Mr. McAlpine Aggs."

"I'm sorry, but he's abroad."

"Oh no, he's not."

(A very puzzled silence. And then :)

"But he is . . ."

"I tell you he isn't."

"Who's that?"

"It's Mr. McAlpine Aggs."

"Johnnie! Oh Johnnie, it can't be . . .!"

"Angela—Angela darling . . .!"

And that was the beginning of the hectically happy fortnight that J. McAlpine Aggs spent in the company of his wife. It was all, as he constantly reiterated, too good to be true. Moment after enchanted moment turned the days and nights into a marvellous dream: in the warm countryside they walked and made love, and in London they danced and dined and kissed in taxis as if this had been their honeymoon. And not a single setback. Not once was J. McAlpine Aggs asked to show his leave pass—for Darjeeling.

Of course, the whole escapade delighted Angela. Every time she thought of it she laughed. And every time she thought of it she loved J. McAlpine Aggs a little more, because it was for her sake that he had risked this journey across half the world.

But it was in the midst of the sadness of their parting that she laughed most of all. The unexpected explosion of laughter was set off, so J. McAlpine Aggs perceived, by some thought that had all of a sudden occurred to her. He pressed her to explain this extraordinary departure from her sentimental mood. But Angela, still chuckling with impish delight, refused an explanation.

"I can't tell you," she said. "But it's so funny. The funniest thing that ever happened."

"When did it happen?" J. McAlpine Aggs questioned, with the faintest irritation at being excluded from his wife's joke.

"That's the whole point—it hasn't happened. It might not happen at all. That's why I can't tell you. If it does—you'll never stop laughing. Never!"

"I would rather like to laugh now," said J. McAlpine Aggs dismally.

"But you can't, because it isn't funny—yet."

"You seem to find it——" J. McAlpine Aggs began. But at this moment the train, out of one of the compartments of which he was leaning, began to move; and since Mrs. McAlpine Aggs was on the platform, the next few seconds had to be devoted to a passionate embrace, which lasted over something like fifteen yards. After the speed of the train had forced them apart, J. McAlpine Aggs caught a last view of his wife simultaneously laughing and crying. During the next five or six hours he was filled with the greatest apprehension. The possibility that leaving England would prove more difficult than entering it had struck him before he ever left Agra; and although no penalty could now take away from him the last fortnight of ecstasy, it was obviously desirable that he should return to India on time and undetected.

From the dusty seat of the railway carriage he appealed fervently to those divinities that had so far smiled upon his adventure; and if at first he doubted the continuation of their benignancy, by the time they had wafted him into a comfortable seat on a Dakota all his fears had been (*Continued on page* 58)

HARD LABOUR spositively finished with

SPOSS Floor Dressing is back again! All you have to do is to wipe SPOSS on a clean floor, let it dry, and go over it lightly with cloth or mop. And have a non-slip waterproof surface that can be kept gleaming for weeks and weeks. Footmarks, splashes, soil, can be wiped away with a damp mop. The hard labour on hands and knees is a thing of the past. So keep a look out for SPOSS.

If there is some household problem worrying you, do please write to Mrs. Mary Jordan (Dept. BE 16) at address below, who is very willing to help you with expert advice.

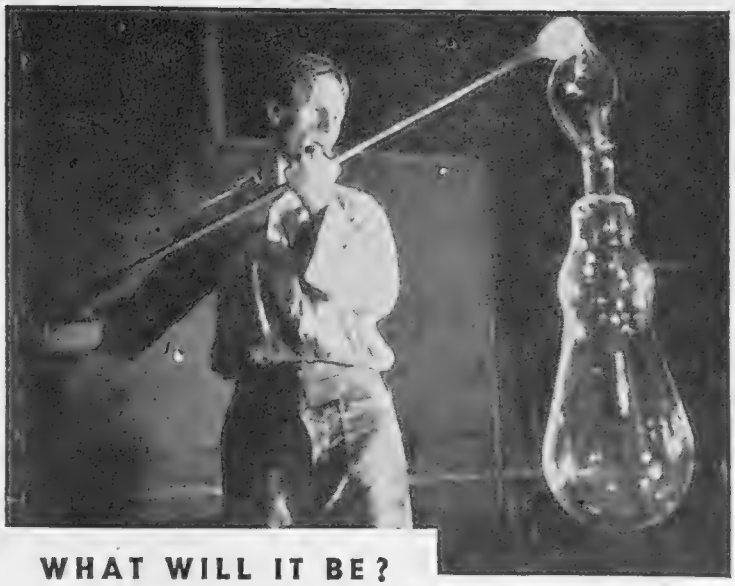
SPOSS FLOOR DRESSING

When in London visit the Simmonds Showrooms at 75 to 81 Regent Street to see Demonstrations. (Piccadilly Stn.)

½-pt. bottle, price 2/-

Simmonds Products Ltd., *A Company of the Simmonds Group*, Gt. West Rd., London

16



WHAT WILL IT BE?

WE ARE NOT ALLOWED TO TELL YOU what this highly skilled glass blower is making, except that it is part of an important machine that helped to win the war. For six years most of the facilities of the Phoenix factory have been turned over to such work. War has demanded glass of greater strength and greater clarity, qualities that research will embody in Phoenix clear glass oven-ware.

PHOENIX

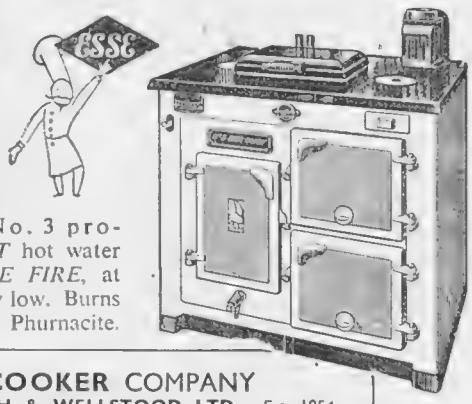
REGD. TRADE MARK

THE CLEAR GLASS OVEN-WARE

Clear and Stays Clear

constant hot water with the **ESSE FAIRY**

In addition to heat storage cooking the ESSE FAIRY No. 3 provides a *CONSTANT* hot water supply *FROM ONE FIRE*, at a fuel cost amazingly low. Burns anthracite, coke or Phurnacite.



THE **ESSE COOKER** COMPANY

Proprietors: **SMITH & WELLSTOOD LTD.** Est. 1854

Head Office & Works: **BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND**

London Showrooms & Advisory Dept.: **46 DAVIES ST., W.1**

"She's nice—but I wish she'd do something about under-arm perspiration . . ."

"Let's tell her what Milton Rinse has done for us!"

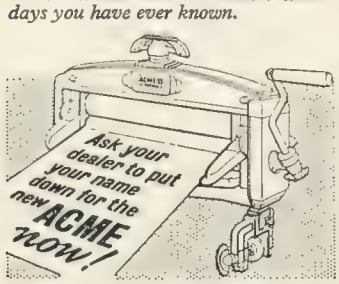
Milton Rinse keeps you fresh and free from offence to others. Just put 1 teaspoonful of *Milton* in a tumbler of water and bathe your under-arms every morning. It will check staleness completely for the whole day. *Milton* costs 8d. and 1/11½d.

for natural loveliness

For five years I've dreamed about my new home—

And as every woman will understand, most of my dreams have been about the kitchen I'd have. How I'm looking forward to my Acme! No wash-day terrors for me, with a wringer that's so easy to use and so easy on the clothes, too. I've seen blankets put through an Acme, and frail little baby clothes, too — and both come out just perfect.

Great news! The day when your dream will come true is drawing near. Soon now new, better-than-ever Acmes will be at your dealers. Lose no time! Be sure that you are among the first to get one of the new Acmes, for the whitest washes and the easiest wash-days you have ever known.



dissolved. He had also by now recognized certain divine attributes in the person of his friend the pilot; for this gallant airman, by the exercise of nothing less than magic, had removed obstacles from his path which must surely have been too great for those unseen powers to tackle alone.

Once airborne and headed for Karachi, he had time to contemplate the extraordinary occurrence of his wife's laughter at the station. Somewhere over the Mediterranean he reached his first diagnosis, not entirely favourable to Angela. It could only be, he decided, that she was amused by the thought of the trouble into which he would be landed if his illicit journey was discovered. "It might not happen at all," she had said. Well, he might not get into trouble. It fitted perfectly.

Then, approaching the shores of Palestine, a more charitable explanation came to him: the outburst of hilarity was Angela's brave effort to prevent herself—and him, too—from lapsing into a maudlin frame of mind. She had said, "It might not happen" only to evade his question. He liked this explanation so much that he thought about it all the way across Arabia.

At Karachi the way of the transgressor was as free from thorns as it had been on the outward trip. With several days to spare, he spent twenty-three hours in the company of the pilot, seventeen of which he was unable to account for when he afterwards found himself on the train bound for Agra. He reported back for duty two days before he was due. The Colonel was delighted.

"A change from these chaps who overstay their leaves—and blame it on the trains," he said. "Congratulations, Aggs." He then made one or two polite inquiries about J. McAlpine Aggs's leave in Darjeeling, and ended on his customary note of humour:

"I'll bet you didn't find much time to think about your wife," he said. "I expect *she's* been doing a bit of reading between the lines, eh?"

J. McAlpine Aggs was able to take this pleasantry in good part. He had quite forgiven the Colonel for the way in which he had tried to pry into his private affairs.

HE then set about facing the next twenty-nine months in India. This caused him considerable hardship, only slightly relieved by the first letter from Angela. The weather was still prodigiously hot, and it was all that he could do to drag himself through from one day to the next. In the evenings he sat on the veranda in the dreary cantonment and thought about his wife, and wondered why she had laughed as they were saying good-bye. He had advanced his own theory in a letter, and been informed by return that it was quite erroneous. There was a real joke, Angela insisted. A colossal joke. Only it still hadn't happened. Then one day he got a letter in which Angela said that she thought it was happening. He was to prepare himself to split his sides with laughter.

There was nothing that J. McAlpine Aggs, sitting at the time in a temperature of 109 degrees, felt less like doing. On the contrary, he felt most melancholy and listless. He had a feeling in his bones that some evil was impending—retribution for his stolen happiness in England. He became certain his first explanation of Angela's laughter was correct: she thought it irresistibly funny that he might be court-martialled for his grave misdeed. Of course, she couldn't be blamed for that. It was simply that she didn't understand how very inconvenient a court martial might be. Well, if he was going to split his sides at all, he would probably have to do it in a private's uniform.

A few days later, shortly after lunch, he received another letter from Angela that ran only two lines. It read as follows:

"Darling! It's happened! Oh, isn't it simply divinely funny!"

He couldn't have been more annoyed. He thought it quite the limit of Angela to carry on in this absurd fashion, without the least hint as to what she was talking about. So far from finding anything divinely funny, a deep gloom pervaded him. In this mood he was not at all surprised when during the course of the afternoon he was ordered to report to the

On Compassionate Grounds

Colonel's office. He knew the worst had happened.

A single glance at the Colonel's face immediately confirmed this extreme view. It was the face of a man on the point of delivering a sentence of death, and the whole atmosphere of the office was terrifyingly solemn. J. McAlpine Aggs, although he had been prepared for this, nevertheless felt himself trembling.

"This is most distressing. *Most* distressing," the Colonel began in sepulchral tones. "It grieves me more than I can say to have to send for you on such an unpleasant matter."

Here J. McAlpine Aggs gulped silently. He was actually beginning to wonder, now the happiness had faded into the past, whether it had really been worth while running off to England like that.

"It would be easier for me to interview you, Aggs," the Colonel went on, "if it wasn't partly myself to blame. When you requested me to grant you home leave, I should have given the matter more careful consideration."

This generous admission gave J. McAlpine Aggs the tenuous hope that his punishment would be somewhat less than the maximum. It was quite clear that the Colonel, having become acquainted with the way in which he had spent his leave, now believed that a legitimate reason had lain behind his urgent desire to return home.

"Perhaps," the Colonel said, "if I had been able to read your wife's letters myself, I should have been better able to judge. I must confess to you, Aggs, that at the time I was by no means convinced that your wife's affairs had reached such an unhappy stage."

J. McAlpine Aggs now spoke for the first time, though his voice was scarcely audible. He said:

"Quite, sir."

"I doubt," said the Colonel, "whether you had realized it yourself. It has now unfortunately fallen to me to acquaint you with the full extent of the trouble. Your wife, my dear Aggs, has been too ashamed to write to you herself."

At that point the Colonel picked up from his desk a letter written on notepaper with which J. McAlpine Aggs was perfectly familiar. Indeed, he had a sheet of this same notepaper in his pocket at this moment—the cryptic letter that he had received from his wife at lunchtime.

The sight of the notepaper in the Colonel's hand now filled J. McAlpine Aggs with extreme consternation and alarm. Clearly Angela had played some devilishly mischievous trick, the consequences of which she was quite unable to foresee. Ever since he had joined the army, she had consistently failed to understand to what kind of institution he belonged—and it was obvious that she now expected the entire armed forces of India to enjoy her joke. He would really have to teach her a lesson—once he had got over the lesson that the army was going to teach him.

The Colonel was still engaged in a discursive introduction to whatever was to follow.

"I can only ask you, Aggs, to take a lenient view of your wife's behaviour. I think this letter is enough to show that she is indeed contrite."

"I wonder, sir," J. McAlpine Aggs said tentatively, "whether I might read the letter."

The Colonel was evasive.

"It would be better for me to tell you, my dear boy. I shall come straight to the point. I know what a blow this will be to a young fellow who has been away from home for eighteen months. But your wife, Aggs, is going to have a baby."

A number of incoherent sounds issued from the mouth of J. McAlpine Aggs before he was able to speak. Even then his words came in the briefest gusts.

"But, sir . . . it's unbelievable . . . some mistake, surely . . . ridiculous. . . ."

"There is no mistake," the Colonel said. "Your wife has sent me a doctor's certificate. You've got to face this, Aggs. And I shall naturally do all I can to help you. It's my duty to do so. If I'd allowed you to go home when you'd asked, (*Continued on page* 61)

Wendy Hiller is the heroine of the recent Archers film "I Know Where I'm Going," which has been written, produced and directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger. This picture was taken at Denham Studios by John Hinde during the making of the film, and shows Miss Hiller wearing Clarks Prestwick Lace Shoes. With her is the Assistant Director.

Clarks

MADE BY C. & J. CLARK, LTD. (WHOLESALE ONLY), STREET, SOMERSET, *and by Clarks (Ireland) Ltd., Dundalk*

Good cut always looks cute

GOR-RAY Registered

A Gor-ray skirt *always* looks smart, with its good cut, good material, 'Zwow' pocket and no placket, and low price too—it hangs with a swing and never 'seats.' At all the best shops—look for the label

C8

Gor-ray Ltd 107 New Bond Street W1

this tragedy might well have been prevented. My only hope is that it is not too late to rescue something from the fragments of your marriage. For that reason, Aggs. . . ."

"Sir?" said J. McAlpine Aggs breathlessly, conscious that somewhere about his midriff the tremble of a laugh had begun.

"For that reason, Aggs, I've had a passage booked on an aircraft for you."

"You mean, sir . . .?" The laughter had surged into his throat and his voice was full of it.

"I mean that I'm granting you a month's leave in England, Aggs. On compassionate grounds."

A splutter of laughter broke out of J. McAlpine Aggs. Helpless and convulsed, he stood there with tears rolling out of his eyes. He had never laughed so painfully before; he felt his sides splitting.

It was at least a minute before he was able to bring himself under control. He looked at the Colonel, fearful that his behaviour had wrecked Angela's delicious joke.

"That's right, my boy. Keep a grip," the Colonel said. "Mustn't give way to hysteria. And now, good-bye, old chap." He shook the hand of J. McAlpine Aggs with painful vigour. "Better go to the orderly room straight away and get a railway warrant for Karachi. . . ."

END

On Compassionate Grounds

Dream House

(*Continued from page 15*)

the mountains—engineer Todt took three years on the job—to a towering rock, blasted a vertical shaft 330 ft. up through the rock, and at the top, 6,000 ft. above sea level, built a massive pillared eyrie with an immense crystal hall looking on the panorama of mountains as from an aeroplane's windows. Sitting-rooms opened out from it. Thirty people could dine at the long table. The place was warmed by electricity and a vast open hearth in which half-trees burned. One stunned diplomat who visited it said it suggested to him the Castle of Monsalvat, where lived the Knights of the Grail.

Neither Louis's nor Hitler's structures would suit everybody, but that's the thing about these dream houses—everybody is apt to have his own highly individual ideas. One man wants a spacious, warm, brick house with overhanging eaves and towering chimney stacks, like the one Philip Webb built for William Morris in Kent; and another shrugs that off as old-fashioned and extols a dream of his own inspired by a Serge Chermayeff or a Corbusier—a flat-roofed box of concrete and plate-glass, with a sun terrace on the roof, and an invisible orifice to emit the faint blue smoke of a central-heating oil furnace. A third sees at his rainbow's end an old thatched cottage with low ceiling beams, inadequate windows, and open hearths made for a day of cheap and plentiful fuel; and a fourth, something like the Dymaxion, the theoretical conception of an American engineer, a circular dwelling built round a central hollow mast carrying all the house services, a house raised off the ground so that it needs no foundation except a slab under the supporting mast, and with insulated one-way glass walls permitting you to see out but not in.

The Dymaxion wouldn't have done for Alexander Woolcott, who, enriched by the radio, built himself a dream house on a lake island in Vermont, a low rambling structure with stone walls two feet thick, so that when it was twenty below outside, he could walk about inside in his pyjamas.

Edgar Kaufmann found at Bear Run in Pennsylvania, a rock pool fed by a low waterfall. He listened to water falling softly and endlessly into water, and decided he would like to live there for ever. But being a sophisticate, he added: "*Not* in a log cabin." Frank Lloyd Wright, the celebrated pioneer of modern architectural forms, solved his problem by means of cantilevers and reinforced concrete. He hung over the waterfall and the pool a low-slung spacious structure—"Falling Water," one of the modern world's most famous dream houses.

SOME people have an aversion to building and weave their dreams in other people's discarded nests. Gabrièle d'Annunzio did it four times: on the Florentine hills, where he lived with Eleanora Duse, mainly; in the French Landes, where he lived with the lovely Donatella; on the Grand Canal in Venice, where he wrote *Notturno* and lived with a Venetian beauty, and a succession of Italian, French, Anglo-Saxon, Mexican, Portuguese and mulatto ladies; and in the Vittoriale on Lake Garda. All were aggrandized copies of his first dream home, a saddlery in the Palazzo Borghese which he furnished with a large divan bed with cheap damask cushions, a hired grand piano, a fake antique bench, and a plaster copy of Michelangelo's "Apollo Belvedere": all designed to suggest the lodging of a Renaissance gentleman. His last dream was a fifteen-room villa embowered in cypresses and beeches on a hillside by Lake Garda. After he had added a new wing, planted 10,000 rose trees, and acquired a villa outside his domain in which to receive guests, he moved over to his hill the corpses of the comrades who had fallen in the raid on Fiume, and sunk in the hillside as their headstone the prow of the destroyer *Puglia*.

These tragedies happen. Henry VIII, you remember, grabbed Hampton Court before Wolsey had got the roof on his dream palace. There was an Indian prince who fell deeply in love with a beautiful young concubine and set out to build her a small palace, a worthy setting for her beauty. But he got more and more interested in the design, the construction, he succumbed to the passion for building, and what began as a small love nest ended as a huge temple: and the unfortunate girl never got her dream house.

Marie Curie built two country houses, one in Brittany, and the other on the Mediterranean coast by Hyeres, but she nourished a dream of building one at Sceaux. There, Marie Skledevska had married Pierre Curie, and there, eight years after, she had buried his body in his mother's grave. She bought land when she had the money, talked of making her dream come true, but the years passed, she hadn't the time, or the money, or the energy. Suddenly, at sixty-six, and after exposing herself to dangerous radiations for thirty-five years, she determined to have her dream house at Sceaux.

People have built their own dream houses. Axel Munthe, a brilliant, temperamental doctor, built San Michele, a lovely villa set amid terraces, loggias, pergolas, high on a mountain flank on an islet overlooking the bay of Naples, without consulting an architect or knowing anything about architecture. He worked three summers, helped by an old man and his three sons, with half a dozen laughing girls to carry earth and stones in baskets on their heads. The house plan was a sketch which Munthe—the only literate of them all—drew in charcoal on a white garden wall. Most of the material was on the spot: the ruins of an old chapel, and forgotten villas of Augustus and Tiberius.

I built a dream house myself once. It was on top of a tall old building in Park Lane between Londonderry House and the Dorchester. The whole front wall was made of glass to take in the great view over the park to the Surrey Hills. Glass doors opened on an exterior balcony, and overhead was a flat roof-garden. We saved space on stairs to reach the roof by clapping a round tower high up on the house side and installing a spiral staircase. I found this pent-house a good place to work in for seven years; and then bombs progressively deprived the building of lift, water, phones, central heating, and finally fire gutted the place to the underside of my floor. My dream house was left perched on a hollowed-out ruin. When last I saw it, pigeons were flying in and out of the broken glass wall.

Dream houses have come to worse ends than serving as a nesting place for birds.

END

W. & R. JACOB & CO. (LIVERPOOL) LTD.

DUFRAIS
Special
VINEGARS

Tarragon
Garlic
Chili
Elder
Cider
Eschalot
etc.

Made from Natural Herbs
Matured in Genuine Malt Vinegar
AND SOLD ONLY IN BOTTLE
DUFRAIS & CO. LTD.
21, St. James Sq., London, S.W.1

I'm Growing up the WRIGHT way

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP
PRO-INTEGRITATE CUTIS

with

WRIGHT'S

Coal Tar Soap

IDEAL FOR TOILET & NURSERY

St. Martin

PRESERVING COMPANY LTD

Manufacturers of the Celebrated

'CHUNKY'

MARMALADE

and of High class Preserves..

Maidenhead, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Ely and Horsted Keynes.

Cricket

(Continued from page 28)

"Of course," the Colonel observed, "the problem would be entirely different if your brother were himself a married man."

"Naturally," Carstairs agreed.

"There's no question of that?"

"None whatever."

"You do not think that he may have posed as a married man?"

"Oh, well, of course," Carstairs admitted, "that's always a possibility, isn't it?"

"It's a possibility," the Colonel said, "that we must take into serious consideration."

"But I mean to say," Carstairs protested, "a joke's a joke, isn't it?"

"Exactly," the Colonel agreed. "And the Wren may have been having her little joke, too, may she not?"

"You mean?" Carstairs demanded.

"I mean," the Colonel announced, "that this Wren friend of your brother's may, in her turn, have invented a purely mythical husband."

Carstairs was flabbergasted.

"Impossible!" he said. "Out of the question! I happen to know that she is a charming girl. Her father is a retired admiral."

"But your brother . . ." the Colonel suggested.

"You really think," Carstairs demanded, "that Mavis—that this friend of my brother's is only pretending to be married?"

"That," said the Colonel, "happens to be my opinion."

"But it was you who told me," Carstairs exclaimed bitterly, "to invent a wife."

"And Mavis's mother-wit," the Senior Matron suggested, "no doubt, prompted her to invent a husband to match."

"After all," said the Colonel, "what's sauce for the goose, you know——"

"Bah!" said Captain Carstairs Whinburne.

He made no further demands on Mavis Ash's time, a fact for which she was duly grateful, since he had bored her to distraction and she was able to finish the second draft of the detective story which she was engaged in writing.

Six weeks later, she married the Colonel in Colombo.

Captain Whinburne did not attend the wedding.

His faith in women had been irretrievably shattered.

Even if incapable of playing cricket, they should, he felt, make an effort to master the rules.

END

Books

(Continued from page 41)

exquisite photographs—large reproductions—many of which were taken by flashlight at night.

The story is told of the accident in which the authors were attacked by an owl; and there are accounts of long, dark nights spent in a lonely "hide" in the woods. Adventures in the Norfolk marshes are also described, and a final chapter is contributed by Dr. Stuart Smith, the authority on the eyes and ears of owls, in which he reveals the way in which these organs are specially adapted to enable the owls to hunt by night.

IN the introduction to his new book, "A Mind on the March," (Faber & Faber, 10s. 6d.), Somerset de Chair says: "Now that an army's stomach is catered for as a matter of course, it would be truer to say that an army marches on its mind." His book, he adds, is the by-product of a mind on the march.

Fortunately for his readers, Mr. de Chair's march was a long one, for his mind was occupied throughout with so many things worth recording.

His interests range from Oliver Cromwell's maiden speech to the charming little girl, Helena of Abu Sinan, who wrought miracles and healed the sick.

ALARIC JACOB, the war correspondent, has written his finest report of all. It is a first-hand account of Russia's effort in the magnificent series of campaigns which brought the Soviet armies to Berlin and beyond.

His book is called "A Window in Moscow" (Collins, 15s.), and it covers the period 1944–1945.

His account of the way in which Moscow greeted the news of our D-Day invasion of the Continent is only one of the eighteen sections of this book which make it of historic interest.

The material at the author's disposal is, of course, pretty well foolproof, but he certainly makes the best possible use of it.

"IN My Time" (Skeffingtons, 10s. 6d.) is a collection of recollections and anecdotes by Field Marshal Lord Birdwood of Anzac and Totnes.

When I say that the author spent long years in India, going there first as a subaltern in 1884, it will be apparent, I am sure, that this book will have an irresistible appeal to his brother officers and ex-colleagues.

The general reader, too, will find it full of entertainment, for the author writes often with his tongue in his cheek and always with a twinkle in his eye.

"DANCING Starlight" by Hilda Hewett (Hale, 8s. 6d.), is a novel about a girl's fight to devote her life to ballet in the face of parental opposition and lack of means and the happiness she ultimately achieves.

We meet some delightful people in the pages of this book—decent characters drawn with insight and understanding—and, in particular the heroine's little brother, an enchanting character study.

Much of the story revolves around the personal unhappiness of a famous ballerina whose problem is treated with sympathetic understanding.

"BRIDE in the Solomons," by Osa Johnson (Harrap, 12s. 6d.), is the record of the adventurous trip undertaken by Martin Johnson and his wife, Osa, when they set out to obtain photographic proof of cannibalism on the Solomon Isles.

Their adventures were many and amazingly varied, and at times their dangers and difficulties were such as would have daunted all but the most resolute of pioneers.

But they got their pictures, and sixty-four of them illustrate this fascinating book.

HERE is a list of other books which will repay the attention of readers:—

"Poison in Play" by Nancy Spain (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.). A thriller which is outstanding alone for its breathless action and keen suspense.

"The Sound of a Trumpet" by Stephen Watts (Selwyn & Blount, 8s. 6d.). This story, which deals with the subject of the re-emergence into civilian life of a young man discharged from the army, is by turns realistic, romantic, sophisticated, amusing—even philosophical.

"Macrann" by W. Townend (Rich and Cowan, 8s. 6d.). The story of a great adventure.

"The British Films Year Book, 1946," by Peter Noble (British Year Books, 21s.). Deals exclusively with the British Film Industry and the people in it. It gives a "Who's Who" in British films and a reference of film companies, their addresses and complete lists of films, casts and essential details.

"Cook-Happy" by Josephine Terry (Faber and Faber, 5s.). A book of distinctive recipes. It explains what the ingredients do, how they combine and how they react, say, to the heat of the oven.

"Paulo Veronese," with an introduction by Simon Harcourt-Smith (Percy Lund Humphries, 4s. 6d.).

"Georges Seurat," with an introduction by Douglas Cooper (Percy Lund Humphries, 4s. 6d.). Numbers 8 and 9 of the series of Gallery Books. END

"Jolly good biscuits!"

Children always welcome Weston Biscuits. It is a natural desire for energy-giving food in a form that surely awakens appetite; and the Weston way of making and baking ensures the finest results from the finest ingredients obtainable.

Weston

A favourite choice to-day is Weston Rich Digestive, 1/4d. a pound

It's deep in your skin that beauty lies . . .

. . . and it's deep into your skin that Anne French Cleansing Milk penetrates, searching out from every tiny pore, unseen, unsuspected impurities which hinder true skin beauty. Particles of dust and stale make-up are beyond the reach of ordinary washing, which is why you will soon recognise the value of Anne French Cleansing Milk. Use it every time you make up—especially at bed-time.

Anne French

CLEANSING MILK

Price 2/6 including Tax

2/5, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

GUARD YOUR TEETH . . .

. . . Night & Morning

The only way to keep your teeth safe from acid is by *regular* cleansing. However rushed you may be, you really cannot afford ever to neglect them. So every night and every morning clean your teeth thoroughly with Phillips' Dental Magnesia. This is the one toothpaste which contains 'Milk of Magnesia'*, recommended by dentists to combat acid in the mouth.

Get a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia this day and make sure to use it — night and morning.

Phillips' Dental Magnesia (Regd)

★ *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.*

We shall one day be able to 'say when' again

Schweppes

KERFOOTS

MEDICINAL

LOZENGES

based on the skill and experience of three generations

THOMAS KERFOOT & Co., Ltd.
Vale of Bardsley • Lancashire

KG25

Severn Sea

(*Continued from page 25*)

Commander. Isaac Sharp, Second Captain. All Officers, Seamen, Landsmen and others, that are willing to enter on board the said Privateer; let them repair to the Sign of the Landoger Trow in King Street, where they will meet with proper Encouragement."

"On a Cruise for Six Months
against the united enemies of Great Britain
the ship *Cæsar* Privateer

This ship needs no recommendation, being a fast sailer, almost new, with conveniences and shelter for her men, superior to most private ships of war."

And, adds a note to this advertisement,

"Now is the Harvest, the rich ships from the South Seas are coming home, the first is already taken and carried into Cork."

Mention of the Landoger Trow Inn recalls a type of coasting craft formerly much used on the Severn and Wye, a kind of flat-bottomed sailing barge mainly employed in river navigation. The trow appears to have been the local prototype of the Thames barge, and in the eighteenth century they traded upstream as far as Berkeley, which in those days was the limit of navigation on the Severn, before construction of the Berkeley Ship Canal made Gloucester into a seaport.

THE Severn approaches are among the most dangerous our coasts can show, not excluding the Cornish Manacles, the Tyne's Black Middens and the Goodwins themselves. Hartland Point, Lundy Island, Grassholm with its attendant Smalls, Hats and Barrels, Cape Cornwall and the Brisons, the sheer cliffs of St. Ann's Head on the Pembroke coast—all have their roll of sunken ships to show.

Frequent fogs—an exceptionally high rise and fall of tide—and very often a gale from the south-west piling it up before it—no wonder that the Severn Sea evolved to meet the needs of the great seaports whose main highway it is, a race of pilots and a type of craft unsurpassed anywhere in the world.

The Bristol sailing cutters are, alas, nearly a thing of the past, for here as elsewhere motor craft have taken their place. But in their day nothing could beat them for the special requirements of their service. In all weathers, like the Deal luggers, they were to be found ranging far up Channel for ships, often under conditions which might keep many a bigger craft in port; launching their dinghies under the vessel's lee, waiting until the oilskinned figure from the bobbing boat was safe on board his charge—then away for home in a smother of spray.

Great little ships . . . worthy of a great maritime past . . . the past of the Severn Sea. . . .

END

BOB MARTIN'S
Condition Powder Tablets
keep dogs fit

Bear Facts . . .

(*Continued from page 20*)

bison were sometimes attacked and killed. This was no mean achievement, as a full-grown bison weighed over a thousand pounds, had powerful horns and was capable of tossing a grizzly if once the horns got a purchase in its body.

Within recent years cattle, sheep, and horses have become the prey of these great bears. In an official report in 1923 one grizzly alone was said to have accounted for thirty-five cattle and one hundred and fifty sheep during that summer! Another notorious bear was believed to have killed a cow every other day throughout the summer for fifteen years. The bears are, of course, attacked and, as a result, their numbers have been greatly depleted. But bears can be very cunning and one that has been hunted long becomes extremely wary and this, no doubt, explains why the bears mentioned managed to keep their skins for so long.

The native guile of bears is well demonstrated in the national parks where they have so learned the ways of civilization that they much prefer to eat out of a tin (the garbage ones included) than to forage in the wild for themselves. Their appealing tricks bring many tit-bits from the visitors themselves and their skill in raiding food stores, huts and other places where food is to be had, makes them largely forget their natural food-getting habits.

This pampering can lead to unforeseen results. When one of the Canadian national parks closed for the duration of the war the resident bears sorely missed the visitors' offerings and other snacks they had been able to obtain at various points within the park. But when these sources were cut off, the bears showed no inclination to revert to the ways of the wild. Instead, they descended on the nearby village. Here they broke into houses for food, killed chickens and even raided the local railway station and tore open food parcels.

These bears were more of a nuisance than a danger because, except on rare occasions, such as a she-bear with cubs or when wounded, bears do not often attack human beings. Centuries of acquaintance with man and his lethal weapons have instilled into the ursine mind that discretion is the better part of valour where he is concerned.

It is well for us that this is so for a bear can be a terrible foe. While some bears are comparatively small the largest are gigantic creatures. The largest bears in the world, and also the largest carnivorous land animals living today, are the Alaskan brown bears. One of these bears weighed three-quarters of a ton and its skin measured nearly fourteen feet.

One blow from the claw-studded paws or one slash from the jaws of such an animal would injure terribly, if it did not kill outright, any man who was unfortunate enough to come within range. In old story books we read about bears hugging their victims but it is questionable whether this often happens. Claws and teeth do most of the damage.

The strength of the larger bears is very great. A polar bear can lift a seal out of the water and land it stunned on an ice-floe with one sweeping stroke of its paw. Another large bear, in its death throes, hurled a 500-pound wooden block through the roof of a cabin.

Zoo officials say that bears cause them more anxiety, as far as escaping is concerned, than any other animals. Apart from their cunning, bears are difficult to hold because of their strength. One zoo owner has written: "Their [bears'] claws will tear up floor-boards and iron sheeting like paper, and with the enormous strength of their arms they can bend solid one-inch bars like bamboo canes." A cage that will hold a lion safely may prove quite inadequate to imprison a large bear if it decides to make a bold bid for freedom.

As well as being immensely strong some species of bears have a surprising turn of speed. Two naturalists were once driving in a park when they observed a mother grizzly and two cubs loping down the road over which they were driving. They trailed the bears for about two miles and found that, although they were not hustling the bears, the grizzlies were legging it at twenty-five miles an hour.

Adult bears lead solitary lives in normal conditions except during the mating season. When winter approaches they seek out a cave, hollow tree, or other shelter and prepare for their winter sleep. They spend the colder part of the winter in either deep sleep or a series of sleeping and wakeful periods. But there is considerable variation in their manner of hibernation, or perhaps more accurately, semi-hibernation.

The story is told of one bear which chose a site near a house for its winter sleep. During the winter a steam pipe which was near the bear became very hot. And the bear, thinking that spring had come, got up. But when it found snow was still on the ground, it went back and spent the rest of the winter in its steam-heated den!

END

VELVEX
REGD. TRADE MARK
INTERLEAVED
Always the Best
TOILET PAPER
Velvety texture · soft
strong · hygienic
A VELVET PRODUCT
VELVET CREPE PAPER CO. LTD
TOILET PAPER TISSUE MANUFACTURERS

"What a lovely polish!"

"Yes, and the beauty of it is
You can **MIN** *it in half a* **MIN***ute"*

MIN CREAM

FOR ALL HIGHLY POLISHED FURNITURE

Use sparingly—still in short supply

Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4 MJAU

By Appointment
Biscuit Manufacturers to H.M. The King,
McVitie & Price Ltd.

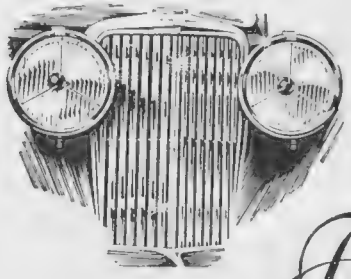
McVITIE'S BISCUITS

are still the Best

For the present, to meet National requirements, delivery is restricted to certain areas.

Made at

McVITIE & PRICE'S MODERN FACTORIES AT
EDINBURGH · LONDON
MANCHESTER



Jaguar

THE FINEST CAR OF ITS CLASS IN THE WORLD

1½ litre Saloon £535. Purchase Tax £149 · 7 · 3
(Special Equipment Model £570. P.T. £159 · 1 · 8)
2½ litre Saloon £695. Purchase Tax £193 · 16 · 1
3½ litre Saloon £775. Purchase Tax £216 · 0 · 7

★ Every Jaguar is a full 5-seater de luxe car of high performance. Many detailed improvements have been incorporated and each model is still the finest value obtainable.

JAGUAR CARS LIMITED, COVENTRY (Previously S.S. Cars Limited)

They're Friendly
They're Smart
They're Hutton's

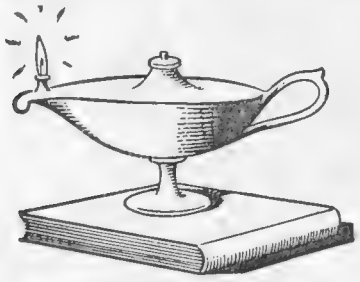
In a good range of colours.
Ask for "Hutton" Shoes by name at Dolcis, Lilley & Skinner's, Saxone, and most good Shoe Shops.

Hutton of NORTHAMPTON

The polish that is impregnated in the wadding, easy and clean to use and most economical. A rub with the wadding—then polish with a dry cloth and a brilliant shine is the result. More supplies are now available. Ask your Ironmonger or Grocer for a tin.

DURA-GLIT LTD., LANCASTER AVENUE, MANCHESTER, 4.

DURA-GLIT
MAGIC WADDING



"In the present state of medical knowledge..."

The modern doctor can afford to admit the limits of medical knowledge for the very reason that it is growing so fast. Take 'Sanatogen' Nerve Tonic. Science does not worry that it has not yet been able to explain precisely *how* the special combination found in 'Sanatogen' does its work: it is content with the fact that 'Sanatogen' does in fact revitalize exhausted nerves. Ask your chemist for a tin of 'Sanatogen.'

'SANATOGEN'
Regd. Trade Mark
NERVE TONIC

In one size only at present—
6/6 (*including Purchase Tax*).

A 'GENATOSAN' Product.

Queen's Nurse (*Continued from page 42*)

and has to decide if the trouble is trifling or if the doctor should be called in. Other cases may include surgical dressings, and injections.

The work is utterly different from that in hospital. In a hospital the patient's disease has been diagnosed and is nursed under the best possible conditions, and with all the conveniences and appliances which science can devise. The nurse herself has her orders, and can turn to her superiors for help in any difficulty.

On her district she has to rely on her own initiative and resource. She must tackle emergencies which arise often under difficult conditions and in cramped quarters.

And what does Nurse get for her life of devotion? Well, according to the Rushcliffe scale she begins at £260, rising to £340 a year. In addition she gets her laundry, and the local committee pays for the upkeep of her car.

This committee is responsible for raising sufficient money to "run" Nurse. Some part of this money is furnished by the patients —the "members" of the local association. They formerly paid 4s. 4d. a year, i.e. one penny per week! This has now been raised to 6s. 6d., which sum includes all the members of a family under sixteen. Single persons pay 3s. 3d. This naturally does not produce enough money, and the local association has also "subscribers," who contribute to the funds, but have no call on Nurse until the members have been served. The County Nursing Federation also gives a grant from their funds.

All these matters are attended to by an unpaid committee of residents. They collect the subscriptions and members' fees; provide Nurse with her house or lodging; run her car; arrange for a deputy when she is on holiday or ill, and receive her reports.

Thus though the County Nursing Association brings in a certain amount of official control, the District Nurse is still to a very great extent locally run, in the individual and independent way so dear to English people.

END

A Neat Waistcoat (*Continued from page 44*)

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then k. 2 sts. tog. each end of every row until 82 sts. remain. Work on these 82 sts. for 7 ins.

SHAPE SHOULDER AND NECK

Work 24 sts., cast off 34 sts., work 24 sts. On the last set of 24 sts. cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 3 armhole end rows. Return to the first set of 24 sts., cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 3 armhole end rows.

LEFT FRONT

Cast on 4 sts. with No. 10 needles. K. into the back of 1st row. Work in patt., casting on 4 sts. every row on the right side of work and 1 st. every row on the wrong side of work (centre front edge) until 44 sts. Work 2 ins., then continue in patt. inc. 1 st. on the right side edge on the next and every 4th row following until 56 sts. Continue without further shaping until side edge measures 11½ ins. from the side edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLE

Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next armhole end row, then k. 2 tog. every armhole end row until 38 sts. remain.

Now work for 7 ins., at the same time dec. 1 st. every alternate row at the front edge until 24 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 3 armhole end rows. Work the right front as left front, with shaping and patt. at the opposite edges.

BINDING

With No. 12 needles cast on 8 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1. Rib 2 rows, make buttonhole. Rib 2 sts., cast off 4 sts. Rib 2 sts.

Next row.—Rib 2 sts., cast on 4 sts., rib 2 sts. Continue in ribbing, making 5 more buttonholes 2½ ins. apart (6 buttonholes in all). Now continue in ribbing for 54 ins. Cast off.

ARMHOLE EDGING (2)

With No. 12 needles cast on 8 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 17 ins. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press the backs and fronts on the wrong side, with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up side and shoulder seams. Sew on ribbed binding, starting at the top of point at the lower edge of right front. Sew on the armhole bindings. Press all seams. Sew on buttons.

A Frilled Blouse (*Continued from page 44*)

then k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until 92 sts. remain. Continue until armhole measures 7 ins.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 9 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. Cast off the remaining sts.

RIGHT FRONT

With No. 12 needles cast on 56 sts. Work as for the back until 12 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

(Wrong side of work facing).

Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next row. Then k. 2 tog. each end of the armhole end row until 47 sts. remain. Work until armhole measures 5 ins.

SHAPE NECK

(Right side of work facing).

Cast off 10 sts. at beg. of row. Work for 2 ins., at the same time casting off 3 sts. (tightly at beg. of every neck edge row, until 27 sts. remain).

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 9 sts. at beg. of next 3 armhole end rows. Work left front as right front, with shaping at the opposite edges.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles, cast on 83 sts. Rib for 1 in. in k. 1, p. 1. Change to No. 10 needles and patt. Work 1 in., then inc. 1 st. each end of next and every 6th row following until 93 sts., and sleeve measures 5 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then 1 st. at beg. of every row until 37 sts. remain Cast off.

FRONT STRIPS

With No. 12 needles, cast on 12 sts. Rib 2 rows. Make buttonholes. Rib 4, cast off 4, rib 4.

Next row.—Rib 4, cast on 4, rib 4. Continue in ribbing for 16 ins., making 8 more buttonholes 1½ ins. apart. Rib 2 rows. Cast off. Make another strip of 16 ins. omitting buttonholes.

FRILLS (2)

With No. 10 needles, cast on 155 sts. Work in main patt. for 2 ins. Change to No. 12 needles. * K. 8, k. 2 tog.; rep. from * to end. K. 1 row. Cast off.

NECK EDGING

With No. 12 needles, cast on 6 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 12 ins. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press each part with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up side, shoulder, and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on front edgings. Sew on frill each side of buttonhole edge. Sew on neck band, first on the wrong side, turn band over to the right side and stitch down firmly. Press all seams, sew on buttons.

ABBREVIATIONS

K. = knit; p. = purl; st. or sts. = stitch or stitches; dec. = decrease; inc. = increase; tog. = together; m. = make; patt. = pattern; beg. = beginning; w.fd. = wool forward; ins. = inches.

SOFT...
SOFTER...
SOFTEX
Toilet Tissue
★ HYGIENIC ★ ECONOMICAL ★
A SWAN MILL PRODUCT, LONDON, W.I SM5

Tangee
keeps you young and gay
LIPSTICK • ROUGE • POWDER

Ronuk Polishes
Ask also for RON
BOOT POLISH

On Duty—And Off

(*Continued from page* 43)

massage for half a minute and then shampoo in the ordinary way with two lathers and plenty of rinses. Hand dry and finish with a good brushing. If you want to follow the shampoo by a set, apply your setting lotion after the brushing while the hair is still a little damp, and set. Dry thoroughly with a hand drier or in front of the fire.

ALTHOUGH you may keep your hands soft by rubbing in lotion or cream yourself, a whitening hand treatment is only efficient when done by someone else. A manicurist who finishes a manicure with a hand lotion, and a little massage, always leaves the hands surprisingly white. She sits opposite you, places the fingers of both her hands under the palm of your hand, and, using the cushiony part of her thumbs to massage in the cream, works from the knuckles up towards the hands and wrists. It is this which has such a whitening effect, as you can prove for yourself in thirty seconds if you find somebody's hand to operate on. For a hand massage with cream the fingers should be pulled out lengthways and massaged, but for the backs of the hands the massage should always be towards the wrist.

Another type of massage, which is only really efficient when done by someone else, is foot massage. The operator needs to sit in front of you with your foot on her knee, and she applies much the same method as in hand massage. The rubbing should be from the toes towards the ankles and from the ankles towards the knees, and the toes should be gently pulled out one by one and rotated. This type of treatment is particularly restful and soothing, especially after a long day's work. You can use lotion for hot feet, or ordinary cold cream for dry feet. In either case, finish off by a good dusting of powder.

OFF DUTY

IT is useless to pretend that it is any easier to get your favourite brand of cosmetic now than it was during the war. In fact, now, nine months after VE-Day, the quotas have not been increased and one firm who supplied 60 per cent of its quota to NAAFI has now been forced by the Board of Trade to turn a large proportion of that 60 per cent over to export. Perhaps it shows a streak of mean-mindedness in my nature, but I cannot bring myself to derive any pleasure in the thought that English cosmetics are being used to glamorize women of other nations. One can only hope that in time the Board of Trade will get heartily tired of seeing English complexions in the raw and bring themselves to be a little more generous in the matter of quotas for the home market.

If you are fortunate enough to live in London, or near a big provincial town, you stand a sporting chance of being able to have beauty treatments which are still up to pre-war standards, even though the prices have been increased. The Jane Seymour treatment, which includes clean-off, massage, rejuvenating mask and make-up, and lasts an hour, costs 1 guinea. If you have a special date and want an extra special make-up to look your best, you can get one here for 5s. 6d.

At Cyclax, you can get a delicious hand treatment, which includes special washing with sponge, soap and water, massage and having the hands literally wrapped in cotton wool, fussed, petted and soothed. It is one of the most enjoyable I know. The prices are 10s. 6d. for one half-hour treatment and £2 18s. for a course of six treatments.

Cyclax facials have been famous for many years, and rightly so. They know how to combine massage with soap and water cleanliness and their technique is unique. The creams used are made for different types of complexion—or, rather, for different age complexions. There is the baby skin food, the special "O" for normal complexions, the thick for older skins and the "E" for necks. It will, indeed, be a pleasing thing when the quota permits you to order these again in the ordinary manner.

Barry has boundless energy

He's a lively little fellow — brimming over with fun. It would be difficult to find a more healthy boy at his age. Mother is proud of him and has always kept a watchful eye on his health. She well knows that when needed, a dose of 'California Syrup of Figs' will soon correct stomach upsets and regulate the system.

It is the natural treatment for children —the laxative they like. 'California Syrup of Figs' keeps them regular, well and happy.

California Syrup of Figs

We make BETTER COFFEE now!

Send for a FREE copy of Chase & Sanborn Coffee Booklet to Standard Brands Ltd., Dept. AA, Aldwych House, London, W.C.2. It tells you all about coffee and coffee-making; it shows you how quick and simple it is to make *really good* coffee.

Chase & Sanborn
PURE COFFEE AT ITS BEST
A quality product of STANDARD BRANDS LTD

A MOST DELIGHTFUL SWEET
A quality product of STANDARD BRANDS LTD.
ALDWYCH HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2.

A Change of Diet (*Continued from page 19*)

living-room, smoking one cigarette after another. She boiled herself one of the two eggs; it was bad. For a while, she toyed with temptation. Dash it all, if he hadn't the decency to ring up, he deserved what was coming to him. With brisk resolution, she boiled his egg. She took one mouthful and pushed the egg-cup away with a shudder. Another bad one! She could have cried with disappointment.

It was almost midnight when Roy came in, looking flushed. His pork-pie hat looked dented and disreputable, and his coat was a jungle of creases. Her face was a pale shadow in the darkness of the bedroom. He fumbled for the switch.

"Don't bother to creep in," she snapped. "I'm awake."

"Sorry I'm late," he said, with a yawn. "Porky and I have driven all the way up to Leeds and back to-day." He yawned again. "I'm famished. Think I'll have one of the eggs and a rasher of bacon before I turn in."

"Sorry, the eggs are gone," she murmured.

"Gone?" He gave a short laugh. "I suppose that means you've given up this dieting racket. Gone the whole hog, so to speak!"

Julie sat up in bed. Her eyes glowered sulkily.

"My diet is my own concern," she said savagely. "And I'm getting awfully tired of having this flat used as a hotel after closing time at the pubs. I don't believe you've been within a thousand miles of Leeds!"

A flush spread over his face. "Okay," he said quietly. "Maybe it's time we had a showdown." He hesitated. "Look, darling, let's have a few days apart and think things over. We've been getting a bit on each other's nerves lately." He put two cigarettes between his lips, lit one, and passed it to Julie. "I'll go and stay the week-end with mother, and perhaps you'd get Audrey to come in for a couple of days. What d'you think?"

She nodded sleepily. "All right—and I'm sorry about the eggs."

WHEN he had gone on the following Saturday morning, Julie had a pang of uncertainty. It seemed absurd to be parting for a week-end like this. Only a very few months ago, forty-eight hours' leave together would have meant heaven. Curse the war; it turned one's nerves inside out. And Audrey wasn't much comfort. She seemed to have bags under her mind, as well as her eyes. Life seemed flat to her, after all the committees—shuffling and flurries of the war. She sat smoking and listening to the radio with a sour expression of impatience.

Julie sighed with relief when Audrey departed with her suitcase. She spent the whole morning shopping and managed to coax some liver out of the butcher. She planned liver and bacon for Roy's dinner that evening. Would it be backsliding, she wondered wistfully, to have a very tiny helping herself?

He came in just after ten o'clock, while she was dozing in an arm-chair with a novel in her lap. He kissed her lightly on the forehead and grinned down at her.

"How's the diet?" he demanded.

"Splendid, thanks," she said with dignity. "Would you like some liver and bacon? I've kept it hot."

"No, thanks," he said, yawning. "Had a sandwich at the station." He looked at his watch. "Got to get some shut-eye. I'm catching an early train for Leeds in the morning."

Breakfast passed off smoothly enough. He was tactful enough not to tease her about her lightweight meal and chatted quite amusingly about his mother and some of the local people in the village. When he had gone, she went to the wardrobe and took out his two suits. It might be a good idea to have them cleaned and pressed. He was looking a bit scruffy lately, she thought. Poor dear, he was missing his batman, or whatever they called them in the R.A.F. She emptied the pockets of the suit he had thrown carelessly over an arm-chair when he went to bed. A long sheet of paper crinkled in her hand. She opened it casually, and her heart gave a quick jolt. Mr. and Mrs. Clinton . . . Hotel . . . bed and breakfast. . . . A fury of contempt took hold of her. The sheet of paper grinned starkly back at her as she stared at the words.

Suddenly, she felt very calm and cold. She dialled Audrey's number on the telephone.

"I want a good lawyer," she said distinctly. "I'm divorcing Roy. Yes, I've got the evidence. No, dear, I've made up my mind."

Audrey's silky voice came smoothly over the wires.

"We'll go and see Grant, Grant and Fuller this afternoon. Guy Fuller's an old beau of mine. He'll handle the whole thing beautifully. Don't worry, dear."

"I'm not worrying," laughed Julie. "Mind if I come and stay with you until things straighten out?" She spoke lightly, almost jauntily, but the tears were running down her cheeks as she hung up the receiver.

WHEN Roy burst into the flat, he was surprised to see that the fire had not been lit. He walked into the bedroom, thinking that Julie had gone to bed early. It was a shambles of hastily ransacked drawers. Pinned to his pillow was a note which he read and re-read.

"This is crazy," he said aloud, rubbing his chin. He went into the kitchen and made himself a pot of tea. The flat seemed very cold and empty. He had smoked a dozen cigarettes when the phone bell exploded. He jumped towards it and ripped off the receiver.

"Hullo! Hullo!" he said, impatiently.

"Keep your shirt on, old boy," said Porky. "I've got wonderful news at last."

"Have you?" said Roy, numbly.

"Yessir! I got your wire from Leeds and got in touch with the ministry at once. Papers signed this afternoon. Yippee! We're in business at last!" There was a short pause. "Well, can't you say something?"

Roy sighed heavily. "It's wonderful," he said in an empty voice. "I'll ring you in the morning." He hung up before Porky could say another word. It was only when the man in the flat underneath rapped viciously on his ceiling with a broom handle did Roy stop pacing the bedroom like a caged animal.

Next morning, he rang Audrey. She hung up on him as soon as she heard his voice, and repeated the operation several times in the course of the afternoon. Finally, irritated by the incessant jangling of the telephone bell, she gave him a thirty seconds' hearing.

"I'm glad to learn you think it's nonsense," she growled. "You'll be hearing from Julie's solicitors, Messrs. Grant, Grant and Fuller."

"Recommended by you, no doubt," he said lightly. There was a click at the other end. Audrey had hung up again.

The next few days passed, somehow. Luckily, there was plenty of work to do. Contractors had to be seen, documents studied, blueprints okayed, officials prodded in the right direction. It was only when he got back to the flat at night that the future without Julie opened in front of him like a black tunnel. This was the moment he had dreamed of for weeks. A job he really wanted to do; working with the blokes who had come through the war with him; a house near the airfield with a bit of garden; maybe, in a year or two, the child for whose future he and Julie had together laid so many plans.

On the Saturday morning, he started packing. This was madness, he thought with exasperation. If we're going through with the farce, we might as well have a bit of system on the job. He sat down and tried to write a letter to Julie, offering her the full use of the flat and facilities to draw on his banking account. Suddenly, he tore the letter across. This was a job for her precious lawyer. He thumbed through the telephone directory, found the address, and crammed on his disreputable hat.

Nobody was more surprised than Mr. Fuller, of Messrs. Grant, Grant and Fuller, respected commissioners for oaths, when he saw his office door fly open and a lanky young man come bursting in with a fierce expression and an outstretched index finger pointing at the middle button of Mr. Fuller's rather Victorian waistcoat. But, apart from a slight upward tilt of his left eyebrow, Guy Fuller betrayed not the slightest sign of surprise. After years of steady legal practice, he treated emotion rather like rice pudding; he left most of it.

"My name's Clinton," said Roy, quickly, "and I've come to clear up this nonsense about my wife's divorce." He paused breathlessly. "Here are the keys of the flat." He flung them on the desk. "And if she wants some cash, I'll give her authority to draw."

Mr. Fuller, dark, stringy and impassive, gave him a slow look.

"You're a fighter pilot, aren't you?" said the solicitor almost absentmindedly. "Boy of mine flew bombers. Hated 'em. Always wanted to be a fighter pilot. Got the D.F.C. and D.S.O., didn't you?" He chuckled. It was like dried leaves crackling in a gust of wind. "You ought to be able to handle a woman."

"Look here——" Roy began.

"Your wife was here earlier this morning," went on the flat voice. "She's decided to drop her petition." He cleared his throat. "Misunderstanding. We made inquiries. It seems that you and your mother stayed at that hotel. Your wife jumped to conclusions when she saw that bill. Only natural, what?"

"If she'd only given me a chance to explain," burst out Roy. "My mother's maid had gone off for the week-end. I thought it would do the old lady good to have a change. So we went over to this hotel. It's run by a friend of the mater's. . . ."

Mr. Fuller waved a bony, yellow hand. "I'm awfully busy," he said, with the glint of a smile. "Talk it over with your wife. By the way, I'd accepted an invitation to lunch to-day with your wife and Mrs. Hutchinson at the 'Coronet.'" He looked at his watch. "I'm afraid it will be difficult to get away. I wonder if you would join them and make my apologies?" The crow's-feet started zigzagging madly. "Good morning! Happy landings!"

Roy was still in something of a daze as he picked his way through the grill-room of the "Coronet." His heart was thumping in the most absurd fashion when he spotted Julie and Audrey at a corner table. But he managed a weak smile, somehow.

"Mind if I join you?" he murmured. "I don't think Mr. Fuller's turning up."

Julie's eyes were dancing, and he managed to touch her ankle under the table just as the waiter arrived.

"Like a steak, Roy?" Audrey asked, with a bright smile. "I've got a bit of influence here." He nodded vaguely. Julie tapped his ankle lightly.

"Good!" Audrey said briskly. "We'll have two plain salads and one grilled steak."

"Make it two steaks," said Julie, blissfully. "And I'd like onions and French fried potatoes with mine."

END

1.3.46

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., St. Albans Road, Watford, Herts, and published monthly by the Proprietors, British National Newspapers, Ltd., Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford St., W.C.1. Advertisement Offices, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford St., W.C.1. Entered as second-class matter June 20th, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Sec. 397 P.L.&R. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad 18s. 6d. per annum, 9s. 3d. for six months, single copies 1s. 6d., and for Canada 16s. 6d. per annum, 8s. 3d. for six months. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. Sole Agents for United States of America: The International News Co. Ltd.

HOME SWEET HOME

"There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest."

OUTSIDE the wind has cried itself to sleep. The brief winter twilight is fading into night and in the deepening dusk the lighted street lamps bloom like giant jonquils.

In the silence and the safety of this firelit room there's a memory and a promise for those thousands far away. This friendly hearth, this shining room remind us that while men make houses women make homes. In the quiet welcome of this peaceful room how easy to forget you're in a house, and only know that you're at home. And how much this happy room owes to little things: to a little care with gentle Silvo: to linens made lustrous white by that last rinse in Reckitt's Blue; to Zebo's winning way with gloomy grates; and to copper and brass all laughing and gay because of Brasso.

Who would guess . . . she's been on her feet all day?

She thanks her lucky stars for a new way of life! Now she can enjoy her job by day, invitations by night, without a thought of weariness. That old jinz, foot fatigue, is a thing of the past since she relies on these three famous Selberite ARCH PRESERVER features:

- *Steel Arch bridge for firm support.*
- *Individually placed metatarsal pad for comfort.*
- *Perfectly flat innersole for comfort-plus.*

KINGSTON

Selberite **ARCH PRESERVER** *Shoes*

SELBERITE ARCH PRESERVER SHOE